SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

December 1928

VOL. LXXXIV NO. 6

Hector Kane

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

If Hector Kane at eighty-five
Was not the youngest man alive,
Appearance had anointed him
With undiminished youth.
To look at him was to believe
That as we ask we may receive,
Annoyed by no such evil whim
As death, or time, or truth.

Which is to doubt, if any of you,
Seeing him, had believed him true.
He was too young to be so old,
Too old to be so fair.
Beneath a snowy crown of curls,
His cheeks that might have been a girl's
Were certainly, if truth were told,
Too rose-like to be there.

But Hector was a child of earth,
And would have held of little worth
Reflection or misgiving cast
On his reality.
It was a melancholy crime,
No less, to torture life with time;
And whoso did was first and last
Creation's enemy.

He told us, one convivial night,
When younger men were not so bright
Or brisk as he, how he had spared

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His heart a world of pain,
Merely by seeing always clear
What most it was he wanted here,
And having it when most he cared,
And having it again.

"You children of threescore or so,"
He said, "had best begin to know
If your infirmities that ache,
Your lethargies and fears,
And doubts, are mostly more or less
Like things a drunkard in distress
May count with horror, while you shake
For counting days and years.

"Nothing was ever true for me
Until I found it so," said he;
"So time for me has always been
Four letters of a word.
Time? Is it anything to eat?
Or maybe it has legs and feet,
To go so as to be unseen;
Or maybe it's a bird.

"Years? I have never seen such things.
Why let your fancy give them wings
To lift you from experience
And carry you astray?
If only you will not be old,
Your mine will give you more than gold,
And for a cheerful diligence
Will keep the worm away.

"We die of what we eat and drink,
But more we die of what we think;
For which you see me still as young
At heart as heretofore.
So here's to what's awaiting us—
Cras ingens iterabimus—"
A clutch of wonder gripped his tongue,
And Hector said no more.

Serene and inarticulate
He lay, for us to contemplate.
The mortal trick, we all agreed,
Was never better turned:

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Bequeathing us to time and care,
He told us yet that we were there
To make as much as we could read
Of all that he had learned.

The Fish Supper

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FAULKNER looked out of the office window. It had stopped raining, and evidently was going to clear off, after all. A watery light was breaking through the rapid clouds, which were themselves of a softer texture, and the church spire in Wellington, three miles away, suddenly caught a pale beam of sunlight and glistened evanescently. Best and surest sign of all, old Sandy was out on the lawn with his motor lawn-mower. Faulkner watched him stoop over the machine, heard it begin to sputter, and then the old man climbed into the seat and began his slow onslaught on the dandelions. . . .

"It looks," said Ulrich, behind him, "as if we'd have our party after all. And, believe me, I'd like a bottle of nice cold beer after a day like this."

Faulkner continued to look out of the window, feeling the stubble on his chin. Now that his wife had left him, he was no longer so careful about shaving every day. Her letter lay unanswered on his desk.

"Yes, I guess so," he said.

He could feel Ulrich waiting, deprecatingly as always, for some further assurance of interest; he even felt sure that Ulrich was holding some sort of document in his hand, turning it nervously; but he was damned if he'd make any further effort to be agreeable. He waited, watching Sandy's slow progress—it was as if he were sweeping the lawn of dandelions with a huge carpet-sweeper. When he got to the wire fence at the end of the company's grounds he turned the machine and began coming back. A pair of robins had already arrived to search the freshly cut grass for food.

"Well," said Ulrich, shifting his feet, "I'll drop in for you at five, if that's all right."

"Sure. Do that."

The apologetic footsteps moved away, the door closed, and—thank God—he was alone again. The clouds seemed to be in a great hurry—it was almost as if they really had somewhere to go. Somewhere to go. It would be nice to have somewhere to go. Something better, anyway, than this accursed factory, stuck down here in the country, miles from anywhere. He couldn't exactly blame Barbara for not wanting to live here. But then, where you got work you had to take it. If she had been everything that a wife ought to be—! But what, exactly, ought a wife to be?

He sat down at his desk, picked up

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the letter, opened it, and began, for the twentieth time in three days, to read it again. The phrases, in Barbara's babyish handwriting, had now become almost meaningless. "I am, of course, awfully sorry" (why did the word "awfully" always annoy him?) "that it all had to end like this"—"terribly disappointed in you"—"but of course you have always considered your own interests rather than mine"—"no sort of life there for the children"—"so I think it will be better for all concerned"—and so on, to the end, with its casual "Good-by, Luke, and I really hope you'll be happy." Good God, what did she expect of a husband? He had been unhappy ever since that time when she fell in love with Paul, but he had, for the sake of the family, tried his best to conceal it. When his income had finally proved insufficient he had found this job here in the country, reorganizing a dilapidated factory; had given up his life in New York, which meant so much to him; had endeavored to endure a life of solitude, hoping that sooner or later she would come to join him; and, now, this was his reward. Of course, he had never been much of a success; in fact, to make lots of money had never been one of his ambitions. Why couldn't they have been happy as they were? Why was it so necessary that the children should be sent to boarding-schools and dancing-schools, and live on Riverside Drive or in a swell suburb—why was it so necessary that they should meet only the "best" people, and all that kind of folderol? That sort of thing didn't mean happiness. If the children couldn't have the same advantages *they* had had,—schools and colleges and such,—that was unfortunate, but it wasn't fatal, was it? . . . But now the axe had fallen.

He tried once more to find a suitable tone for his reply. He put his elbows on the desk and began rubbing his forehead with a kind of painful violence which was somehow a great relief to him. He was tempted to be bitter, to be unbridled, but a kind of sporting instinct forbade that: there was so much else that he wanted to say: in fact, he wanted, in a sense, to write her a love-letter, a love-letter which also would tell her in horribly brutal sentences what he really thought of her. But the whole thing was too complicated. How could you sum up in one letter all your feelings about ten years of married life? All the tendernesses, the secret symbols, the extraordinarily elaborate and profound and—yes—*vascular* dual consciousness which their conjoined experience had given them? All the regrets, the anguishes, the ecstasies, the memories, the precious emblems of shared pleasure—no, it was impossible. It would all have to be left out. There was no kind of shorthand which could express it. It was as if the moss, torn from the wall, should try to tell you, with the raw surface, *what the wall had been like*. . . .

He could say *that,* of course; and the idea pleasing him, he took up his pen and drew a sheet of typewriter paper toward him and wrote on it "My darling." But the impulse ran out, died—or, more precisely, withered in the presence of his anger. It was no good. He would have to take refuge in a merely formal letter, a glazed official style, something inhuman and abstract. Polite, uncircumstantial, with perhaps just a suggestion of bitterness and more than a suggestion of affection, affection curbed. And just the same, it was ridiculous that at such a crisis of one's life one couldn't, simply couldn't, say

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what one really meant, and say it richly. If only Barbara had *understood* all this! If only she had seen—underneath his helplessness and his indifference to the conventional—his desperate loyalty and essential gentleness! . . . How absurd. This was tantamount to asking destiny, implacable destiny, to be one's mother: it was like trying to pillow one's head on a meteor.

He was still struggling with the problem, still remembering this and that and the other—their visit to Jackson Falls, the time when Betty had fallen into the river, the winter when Paul had taken to calling on Barbara every afternoon, Paul's habit of kissing her hand, her curious indifference to cleanliness in the house, the odd trace of exhibitionism which always showed in her in Paul's presence—when the door opened and Ulrich came in. He remembered, then, with a start, that the whistle had already blown: he had half noticed it at the time. He jumped up, crumpling the sheet of paper.

"Five o'clock, eh?" he said.

"My wife's waiting in the car," said Ulrich, tapping the edge of the desk with a rolled-up newspaper. He always carried a rolled-up newspaper. "And she says Miss Houston will meet us over there in Wellington."

II

It was to be a fish supper, in a little secret restaurant which Ulrich had discovered: a place where they gave you very good fish, and also very good beer, smuggled across the lake from Canada. Ulrich prided himself on possessing little secrets of this sort. It was as if he felt some queer kind of inferiority, and sought to make up for it by knowing all sorts of out-of-the-way odds and ends. He always knew, for example, just which of the standard brands of cigarette contained, at the moment, the purest and best tobacco, and which of them were capitalizing their success by recourse to cheaper materials. He knew a buyer of tweeds in Buffalo, and could get his suits for a third of what it cost any one else. And it went without saying that if there was a new place at which you could get something to drink he would know about it. Faulkner really disliked the man: he felt sure that Ulrich wanted to get something out of him. Was it merely a sort of social thing? a desire to be on friendly, not to say intimate, terms with the manager, whom he perhaps also suspected of being "superior"? His manner was always uneasily ingratiating: he smiled too much.

And his wife bore out this impression, as Faulkner immediately discovered when they joined her in the car. All the way to Wellington, while Ulrich drove, Mrs. Ulrich, a plump fair-haired little woman, who shut up her blue eyes when she laughed, did her best to captivate him and impress him. She was playing the "great lady," evidently under the impression that Faulkner moved in some social sphere of impossible grandeur—the world of marble halls and terraces with urns, which, in America, at any rate, exists only in the movies. She had cultivated a broad "a," and used it with devastating effect; except when, now and then, she used it where she shouldn't.

Faulkner was patient with her, replied to her lofty inanities, gave her a cigarette, and prayed that this Miss Houston (whoever she was) would be more interesting, more honest, and less on the make.

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"Who is this Miss Houston?" he asked.

Mrs. Ulrich arched her eyebrows, and then immediately afterward, for no discoverable reason, narrowed her eyes at him enigmatically.

"Ah," she said, "she's a woman of mystery."

Faulkner felt that he was expected to smile in reply to this challenge, and obediently did so, but without much conviction; at the same time, suddenly, feeling extraordinarily angry with this fool of a female. He saw the whole thing—all the months of scheming that had gone to this party, in order that she might let it be known in local society that she was an intimate friend of the manager, Mr. Luke Faulkner. Revolting. All the more revolting, and also pathetic, not to say tragic, when one knew—as he did—how silly and unfounded was this legend of his social splendor.

The conversation lagged. Mrs. Ulrich could think of nothing further to say, at the moment, and sat back, ladylike, holding her cigarette between two stiff fingers; and Faulkner watched the flight of wet trees past the car, and the fence-rails from which raindrops still hung, bright with the evening light. A sense of unreality came over him: he realized how little he knew these two people, and how little he liked them; he hated the back of Ulrich's head, and the little dark point of hair which hung over his collar; he disliked the silver vase beside the window, with its artificial bachelor's-buttons; he loathed Ulrich's habit of humming popular airs. And to be riding in a closed car, an expensive car, a car more expensive than he himself had ever had or wanted to have—to be riding in this, with two such commonplace people, and at a time when he particularly wanted to be alone . . . the thing was so incredible as to seem ludicrous. It was, in fact, so fantastic that the thought crossed his mind that the adventure might be amusing. Why not simply throw oneself into it, sink to this queer level, bathe in this strangeness? Might it not be in a way refreshing, invigorating? Suppose, for example, he were to make love to this pudgy and overscented female absurdity who sat beside him, bumping against him when the car bumped: what would happen? It might, at any rate, end this little campaign for social conquest.

III

The "secret" restaurant turned out to be a kind of little yacht-club, or boat-house, mounted on stilts over the lake. It looked like the sort of place that would sell you bait and rent you a dirty fishy-smelling boat. The dining-room, however, was rather charming: a long, low-ceilinged room, windowed on three sides, with an uneven floor. They found a table at the far end, overlooking the lake, and sat down; and Faulkner remarked to Miss Houston that it was very like being on a ship. He could feel the whole thing moving.

"Wait till you've had two or three of their dry Martinis," said Ulrich, "and you'll think it's moving, all right!"

Miss Houston was a disappointment, as far as mystery was concerned: she was a nice enough girl of twenty four or five, dark, with level gray eyes, somewhat awkward and mannerless. Faulkner gathered that she had only recently been "taken up" by Mrs. Ulrich, and that they didn't know each other particularly well. It came out that she was a teacher of singing in Al-

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bany. It was evident that Mrs. Ulrich had romanticized her. Still, she was a pleasant enough creature, and knew Bach from Beethoven; and within a few minutes of the introduction she and Faulkner had formed a sort of alliance against the Ulrichs. Faulkner felt that if they should want to they could make the Ulrichs very uncomfortable.

"You studied music in Paris?" he said.

"No, in London. I was there for two years."

"Lucky woman! I had two months there, in a college vacation once, and I think it was the most exciting two months of my life. I had a room in Gray's Inn."

"In Gray's Inn! How simply delicious! . . . I lived in Lamb's Conduit Street—don't you love the names they give their streets?—and I often used to walk through the Inn."

Mrs. Ulrich, smiling a little constrainedly, turned to see if the cocktails were coming. The waiter was just arriving, with a double round, as ordered. Faulkner felt that she was glad of the interruption.

"Well, here's looking at us," said Ulrich.

The cocktails were as good as Ulrich had said; they drank two apiece, and then ordered a third, and after that came the beer and the fish. A phonograph squealed "The Cat's Whiskers" at the far end of the room, and two girls went down the gangway to a canoe by the float, fussed over some cushions, and paddled off on the lake. The water was like glass—pale pink with the reflected light of a waning sunset. One of the girls trailed her bare arm in the water.

Mrs. Ulrich was flushed and excited, and determined to make conversation with Faulkner: she was aggressive about it, challenging, and Faulkner began to be annoyed.

"My husband says you come from New York," she said. "Don't you find it dull here in the country after living in New York?"

"Oh, it might be worse," said Faulkner.

"I'm sure you don't really mean that."

"Why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Ulrich straightened her mouth to a thin line.

"How can you? . . . After all the luxuries and excitements you've been used to in New York! Goodness—there are times when *I* think I shall go mad."

"Oh. You come from New York too?"

"Well, no, but I've been there a good deal: and I'm very fond of it. I've always tried to make a point of going down at least twice a year. I have a great many friends there, you see."

Mrs. Ulrich seemed a little confused as she said this, and looked uneasily at her husband and then quickly away again. Something in her behavior suggested to Faulkner that she was lying. But why should she take the trouble to lie about so trifling a thing?

"You probably know the city a good deal better than I do, then," he said. "It's always the occasional visitor who takes the cream off it, you know."

"Some people have all the luck," sighed Miss Houston. "I've been to New York just twice in my life—when I sailed to Europe and when I came back."

"Don't you think Fifth Avenue is simply wonderful? . . ." Mrs. Ulrich disregarded Miss Houston's interpola-

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tion, and addressed herself again to Faulkner. "And Broadway at night, with all those wonderful lights, and the crowds, and always the chance that you'll see a gang murder, or a girl being enticed by the White Slavers! It's so romantic, don't you think? I never can get enough of it."

Ulrich looked at his wife, cleared his throat somewhat loudly, and then dropped his eyes. He seemed embarrassed.

"And the shops! My goodness! I always want to buy everything. And the theatres! . . . Well, the truth is I really regard myself as a New Yorker, nowadays, I've been there so much, and know it all so well."

Faulkner was polite.

"Where do you usually stay?" he said.

"Oh, I've tried a good many of the hotels"—her tone was a little vague—"but I guess I've been more to the Belmont than to any of the others. Or is it the Biltmore? I never can keep those names straight, they're so much alike, you know. I guess it's the Belmont. Yes, it's the Belmont."

"Let's see: the Belmont." Faulkner frowned a little, reflecting. "I'm afraid I don't just remember where that is. It's pretty far down-town, isn't it? Near the Square?"

"Well, it's not easy to describe, but I think so, yes. *Quite* near the Square. But of course it's very centrally situated, and very comfortable. Expensive, you know,—but very good."

"Washington Square?"

"Yes, Washington Square. *That* was it, of course."

Miss Houston looked perplexed.

"Oh, but I thought—" she began to say.

Mrs. Ulrich interrupted her rapidly. She dropped her hand on Miss Houston's and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

"My dear, you really ought to cultivate the habit of going down there for your shopping. There's nothing else like it. I don't believe London is in it with New York. . . . Do you think so, Mr. Faulkner? The buildings are so wonderful!"

Miss Houston glanced anxiously at Faulkner.

"Architecturally," he said, "some of them are very fine. I've always particularly liked Gimbels', with that tower of pink stone and the golden turret—especially at night. And its position is so commanding, too, there by Central Park. Don't you think so?"

"Beautiful," sighed Mrs. Ulrich. "Simply beautiful."

"Though just why they should have put the Museum right bang beside it, so overshadowed by it, I can't imagine. Don't you think it was a mistake?"

Mrs. Ulrich nodded rapidly.

"*Great* mistake," she said. "Not that I was ever one to care much about museums. . . . Me for the bright lights, and Coney Island. I'm afraid I'm rather a flibbertygibbet. Ralph always says so, don't you, Ralph?"

Ulrich smiled obediently.

"Did you ever take the tunnel over to Staten Island?" asked Faulkner.

"Let me see . . ." Mrs. Ulrich deliberated, putting her curly hair on one side. "Yes, I think I did—in fact, several times." She nodded, remembering. "Oh, yes. In fact, I think I can say that I know my way about the city as well as anybody."

"What about another round of cocktails?" suggested Ulrich. "Any bidders? We might as well get tight."

There was a pause in the conversation while the cocktails were brought;

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and Faulkner began to feel a little drunk, just drunk enough to be reckless. He stretched out his legs under the table, and smiled.

"You know," he said, looking hard at Mrs. Ulrich, "I suspect you've never been to New York in your life."

Mrs. Ulrich turned scarlet. Ulrich and Miss Houston were appalled.

"Why, what *do* you mean! . . . I guess you're kidding me." She gave a little laugh. "Haven't I been telling you all this time that I'm a regular New Yorker?"

There was a silence. Faulkner half turned toward the lake and looked through the screen at the darkening water. There was a canoe a little way off with a rosy Japanese lantern in it.

"Your details are singularly inaccurate," he said.

"I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Faulkner, but I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about. . . . Ralph, don't you think it's time we were starting back?. . ."

Ulrich looked at his watch.

"What's the rush?" he said.

"That Staten Island tunnel"—said Faulkner—"doesn't exist, for example."

Mrs. Ulrich glared at him, flushing again: she tried to look him firmly in the eyes.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," she said. "And aren't you rather rude?"

"And Gimbels' is not pink, and has no golden turret, and isn't in Central Park," he went on, implacably, feeling as if he had a knife in his hand. "Nor is the Hotel Belmont in Washington Square: it's by the Grand Central Station, on 42d Street."

Mrs. Ulrich jumped to her feet.

"Give me my cape," she said.

She refrained from looking at Faulkner: she turned her back, and began to walk out of the room, while Ulrich paid the bill. Miss Houston blew her nose. There was a distressing moment when nobody could think of anything to say. Then they all got up and moved toward the door.

Mrs. Ulrich had already got into the car: she was crying, and when her husband and the two others came up she turned her face away. Ulrich and Miss Houston got into the car, but Faulkner stood by the door with his hat in his hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Ulrich," he said. "I've been worried and out of sorts, and the temptation was too much for me. . . . Forgive me, and don't do it again. . . . If you don't mind, Ulrich, I'll stay behind and get myself another drink. Too nice an evening to be going home yet awhile. . . . Good night, Miss Houston."

Ulrich smiled guiltily, made a feeble and meaningless gesture with one hand from the wheel of the car, and Faulkner walked back toward the restaurant. As he opened the door he heard the car moving off.

He went back to the same table, sat down, and ordered another cocktail. It was now perfectly dark. The canoe with the lantern had glided away to a distance, faint voices came over the lake, a night-hawk was mewing somewhere in the upper darkness. He put his elbows on the table and began again rubbing his forehead with cruelly violent hands. Everything was meaningless, mad, ridiculous. Those two poor fools—that nice harmless girl—the cocktails, the canoes, the evening—and his wife's unanswered letter. What on earth could he say to her? He took between thumb and forefinger the stem of the cocktail glass which the waiter

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had brought him, and revolved it to and fro. He began to imagine the letter. "My darling—this world is insane, ridiculous, mad, full of fools. When I revolve this cocktail glass the glass moves but the liquid remains still; and the olive stirs only faintly, like some weed at the bottom of the sea when a current wafts it. Some one is singing on the lake. I can hear the plop of a paddle. I am an old idiot, a failure, a blundering creature who means well. I love you much more than I thought I did. To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. I shall have to hire a car to get back to the factory from here. I was cruel to Mrs. Ulrich—because I want to be cruel to you, and to myself. But I am no worse than any one else—I am a harmless fellow, likable, amiable, and I want to have my life. Why did you fall in love with Paul? Why did you stand there by the door in your bathing-suit, letting the raincoat momentarily slip from your shoulders in order that he might see you? I knew that you were thrilling to his presence, conscious of him with your whole being, and I was deeply hurt: I felt as if the world had fallen away from beneath my feet. And now I am lost."

Laboriously, he took out a cigarette and lighted it. The match fell to the floor still blazing, and he trod out the flame with an uncertain foot, taking a cruel pleasure in an unnecessary repetition of the treading. He had at the same time an impulse to laugh; but the laugh remained—as he himself phrased it, in continuation of the letter—a "cerebral giggle, which twice contracts the diaphragm."

Skyscrapers

By Margery Atwood Todahl

Beyond this crowded hour, beyond all time,
Eternal as the rock in which they root,
Vast as the skies of which they drink . . . sublime . . .
These towers arise. Raptorial winds dispute
Their being with voracious beak and claw;
The sun with fire-tipped arrow finds his mark;
The rain probes sand and gravel. . . . By old law
Dust on the wing coats dust . . . settles . . . grows dark.

Yet there shall never come an end to this
Sky-mounting city, shaft or mosque or dome.
Is Athens dead for all Time's ravages?
Centuries hence, as we to Greece go home,
Men will seek here the peaks of vision wrought
By men, in passionate purity of thought.

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The Man of Science

BY EDWARD M. EAST

Has the scientist become the high priest of a new cult which is robbing man of his spiritual and moral values? One of the most eminent of America's scientific men answers, and in doing so links science with art and with life.

From time to time articles appear in our more solemn-toned journals on the shortcomings of science. The generic traits of these disquisitions are identical, however varied the arguments and choice of words. The writers, with the mournful compassion which the contemplation of error excites in gods and in essayists, point out the fact that scientists have not discovered the true essence of natural phenomena and thus have not satisfied the craving of the human soul to penetrate the ultimate depths of final causes. Science has been extraordinarily useful, they agree. The practical value of physics and chemistry applied to industrial pursuits and of biology applied to agriculture and medicine is colossal. But the very success of the scientist has made him bigoted and dogmatic. He has become the high priest of a new cult which is fast robbing man of all his spiritual and moral values, leaving him an automaton, bereft of faith and hope, tossing helplessly amid other combinations of electrons in a mechanical universe ruled by chance. Such a development, they emphatically assert, cannot and will not be allowed to continue. Man will ever insist, despite all evidence to the contrary, that he is more than a higher mammal moved by the interaction of his heredity with his environment, that he is, in fact, a personality—a personality of some importance. The dignity of his position, the nobility of his aspirations, herald a meaning behind everything; and he will seek that meaning. If science cannot give it, which is doubtful, then science will be discarded—after working hours. The eternal why must be answered; if not rationally, then agreeably.

Since the most distinctive characteristic of a man of science, beyond a reasonable intelligence and a mulish pertinacity, is an unquenchable curiosity, he is always interested in such critiques. When young and lamblike he probes them timidly, with the desire to know the worst at once. The worst, he discovers, is not so damning as he feared. That which concerns him directly consists, if sound, in showing the theoretical limits of the scientific method; and of these he was aware all along. Yet this observation does not exhaust his interest. On the contrary, he continues to collect censorious dissertations avidly and to scan them carefully, sensing something which does not meet the eye. If the animadversions of these people consist of one poor little platitude, why do they write on the matter so frequently, so vehemently, and at such length?

The problem is to shear away the terms used for concealment coloration and to discover and account for the similarities contained in the writings

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of such antipodal personalities as Billy Sunday and J. T. Adams, J. R. Straton and Josiah Royce, Albert P. Schack and William McDougall. And, unexpected though it may be, investigations of this nature lead to rather concordant results, unless I wholly misinterpret the tough-minded psychologists with whom I have discussed the matter. Briefly, a common element of mysticism permeates the thinking of these scholars, caused by what Doctor Collins would call adult infantilism. It is the thing which in more extreme cases takes the form of a conflict psychosis, wherein the subject, having become burdened with a "complex" through a definite conditioning of the mind, thereafter is the victim of systematized delusions which he keeps separate from his rational mental activities in logic-tight compartments. Without exception, these men are diffident, compassionate souls to whom the contemplation of the universe which reason drives them to accept is extremely painful; and, in order to escape the unhappiness with which they are thus confronted, they construct a subjective universe which is kinder to them and to their loved ones than that which has met the most appropriate tests of truth—its exact pattern being determined largely by the impressions and traditions gathered in early youth. The whole idea is to evade a conflict with cruel reality. It is the compensating day-dream of the under-confident youth carried to extreme with the sublime pathos of which only man is capable. For man, the rational being, has a uniquely great capacity for sorrow, as he has for happiness—the price and the reward for having developed higher intelligence; and when the going becomes hard his most accessible refuge is the irrational.

The simpler minds accept these wish-thoughts as axiomatic realities exempt from argument and thank God for them, which is probably the wisest course, under the circumstances. The better minds, or at least the more highly trained minds, endeavor to rationalize their doctrines with all the emotional warmth which invariably accompanies an attempt to justify a belief thus generated. Seizing their straw, they build a house-boat with it. Their arguments are, in principle, reducible to three. They assume antecedents which cannot be tested, on the theory that the wide-spread desire to make such postulates, in some way proves their reality. Without inquiring objectively as to the nature of instinct, they assume it to be higher than reason, and thus indicative of superrational modes of attaining truth. And, finally, they show the relativity of truth and the unsoundness and insufficiency of science, presumably on the ground that it is easier to overlook an absurdity in one's own doctrine if one can show a lost link in that of the other fellow.

The man of science is not disturbed by the personal criticism, being content to have his efforts judged by their fruits. His reaction is not one of resentment but rather the kindly sympathy of a benevolent physician toward a suffering patient. He does not wish to rob these mourners of their comforting assurances unless he can offer full value in return; yet he is an immodest scamp who thus far sees no good reason for turning his back upon naked truth. This being the case, he seeks *rational* remedies for restoring such sick souls to normalcy. There is nothing to be gained, so far as he can see, by abandoning the treatment of mental maladjustments to unctuous quackery.

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The diagnosis of the case is simple. The disease of the mystic is an *idée fixe* upon self. He avows great interest in the mystery of life, but this is merely part of his delusion. Reflection on the mundane existence and the future prospects of the cow has failed to produce a single member of his tribe. What troubles him is the lowly position among the glories of the macrocosm held by his own private ego. He is a Jurgen, a Jurgen who, when the Brown Man endeavors to show him "things-as-they-are," cries out that it is the lunacy of a realist which he does not choose to believe. "For how shall I believe," says he, "that all men who have ever lived or will ever live hereafter—that even I, am of no importance?"

There is as yet no unanimity of opinion as to the causal agents of this malady, and no wholly satisfactory treatment has been devised; but those acquainted with current scientific research can hardly doubt that both will shortly be found. A few years ago people were satisfied with rhetorical sophistry about human behavior, in spite of the fact that the great Greek scholars had shown it to be capable of rational consideration. Then came Hobbes with his materialistic psychology, and the utilitarians with their resurrected hedonism, laying the foundation for quantitative research. There followed Sumner and Westermarck, the historians of moral ideas, who proved that ethical standards are no more instinctive than wearing pajamas. And finally it dawned upon us that the study of conduct and the causes of conduct could be made a true science.

The work is slow; but we can report progress. An avalanche of information has appeared, showing the interdependence of psychological reactions and the more lowly bodily functions, and this in itself gives a fair idea as to why one man is an Epicurean and another a Cynic. Physiological experimentation has shown how some of the more imperious emotions function, and has enabled physicians to treat certain types of deficiency and of hypersensitiveness with remarkably good results. From the abnormal mind psychiatrists have learned about the normal. Even psychoanalysis, which contains considerable nonsense, has a tithe of sound conclusions as valuable in mental readjustment as any discovery of recent years. While last, but probably most important of all, psychologists have thrown off the domination of introspection and have been busy measuring. They are fast coming to the point where they can tell us, not only how we learn and when we learn it, but also what we do with what we learn. And among other things they are finding out that even the longing of the ego for immortality, which is the root of the more unsubstantial speculations, as it is the root of the more emotional plaints against science, is the effect of teaching, and can be changed materially by inverse precepts.

If, then, science is diminishing our ancient confidence in supernatural things, it is also diminishing the fear with which they were formerly regarded. As Givler has so aptly remarked, life, not death; earth, not heaven; trouble, not hell, have become the chief objects of human concern. It seems fair, therefore, to say that, if medicine and surgery can keep man in health, if applied physics and chemistry can keep him in comfort, and if accurate knowledge, properly imparted, can give him wisdom, he cannot with justice sigh with regret over a departed faith in the legends of his racial childhood. One

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may go even further. Unhappiness is strongly correlated with the lack of just these things. Such serenity as is possible to this variable species, Man, will come when the machine has abolished the haunting fear of poverty, when each individual can face life with his mind adequately trained and his body kept in trim. The most important element of this prescription is surely sensible instruction, and as surely it will be the last to be adopted. It may be doubted whether protracted illness or oppressive economic conditions are often significant factors in the situation as compared with the mischievous *conditioning* of the mind, to use the behavioristic term, which so frequently comes from false teaching.

Naturally, physical and mental ills, like poverty, cannot be wholly eliminated; yet during the last generation improved sanitation and newly discovered medical treatments have cut morbidity in half and have increased the expectation of life by nearly twenty years. Similarly, the age of steel has given each of us thirty mechanical servants to provide material necessities, and has distributed these necessities more equably. And the end is not yet. We may look forward to still longer lives, to still less sickness, to still more conveniences of civilization. Where we lag is on the treatment of mental maladjustments; though on this particular phase, theoretical science probably has made greater strides than on any other. There is no question but that the psychologists, particularly the students of animal behavior and of education, have determined when and how the mind is conditioned into acting as it does. They have the means of desensitizing us to imaginary fears and of fitting us to face realities. The obstacles in the way are custom and prejudice. If the influence of ancient folkways having no sound basis could be done away with, and the knowledge now ascertained applied in the home and in the schoolroom, there would be less unhappiness and hence less compensatory mysticism. To those who doubt this statement, one may suggest a consideration of the results of Christian Science, where unconditioning the mind toward some of the old fears has brought about an extraordinary calmness and peace. The scientist with a small "s" recommends a similar mental unconditioning toward old bogies and, in addition, a reconditioning in the light of demonstrated truth.

The scientist is dogmatic; it must be admitted; but he is not dogmatic in the sense his critics imply. He asks no unquestioning confidence in scientific results, for he regards all such conclusions as mere approximations. His positive position is concerned only with scientific method, with the spirit of science. The one means of solving all human problems, in his estimation, is more science and still more science. And he maintains his position for the simple reason that in all its cycles of experience the race has found no other method that really works. Every halting upward step has been made possible solely by the feeble light uncovered in the objective search for truth.

It is because of his disregard for the cold and clammy facts, because of his predilection for subjective ruminations which have proved so unprofitable, that the scientist lavishes no undue esteem upon the mystic. And, by the same token, his regard for the philosopher has dropped steadily and continuously, as the philosopher has become more and more of a mystic disguised in cap and gown.

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We are speaking, of course, of modern philosophy. When Hegel described philosophy as the solace of civilization's old age, summing up the decaying past but opening no doors to the future, he spoke truly only of that vestigial remnant of methodological thinking which still answers to the old name. It was not always so. In the olden days all constructive thought was termed philosophy. Experience, however, brought about improvements in philosophical method. There was evolution; and science was the product of that evolution. Unfortunately, a degenerate posterity persisted which, though semiparasitic and almost completely sterile, retained the family title. It promises much, it accomplishes nothing.

R. D. Carmichael, the distinguished mathematical philosopher, has remarked rather bitterly that philosophy has no chance in an argument with science, since any definite achievement of philosophy would at once be annexed to the domain of science, and scientists would still point the finger of scorn at philosophy for being fruitless. He cites the atomic theory and the theory of evolution, two of the most fundamental conceptions of modern science, as being common ideas in philosophy for generations before they took the more exact form which incorporated them into chemistry, physics, and biology. No illustrations could demonstrate better why the scientist treats the dry bones of philosophy so cavalierly. These two conceptions, left to the mercy of armchair speculation, would have remained the pawns of logomachy forever. What people wanted was evidence. And John Dalton and Charles Darwin furnished it.

If philosophers had accepted the recommendation of Aristotle to "trust more to observation than to speculation, and to the latter no further than it agrees with the phenomena," there could have been no quarrel with science; for philosophy would have become science. But the philosopher has yearned to be the gentleman, not the mere private secretary of Nature. He wished to evade the drudgery of the patient collector of facts, of the experimenter, of the calculator, whose wages though sure, were small. He was enticed by the visions of wealth that speculation always promises so impudently. And he has gone bankrupt, like many another who has hoped to become rich quickly.

It is not that all speculation is to be despised, but only when it is unprovable. Speculation has value solely when, as, and if verified. For this reason undemonstrable postulates, followed by interminable ratiocination which gets nowhere, are irritating to the scientist. No one has a greater regard for hypothesis than he. It is part of his stock in trade—but only a part. And he believes thoroughly in the axiom that the whole is greater than any of its parts. Having in the past seen nothing useful issue from that part of the task assumed by the philosopher, the scientist has become impatient and undertakes to do the whole job himself. The reason is perfectly clear. Hypothesis serves only as a convenient aid in the effort to attain an approximation of the truth. And, as our eminent geographer W. M. Davis has said in commenting upon Will Durant's lament over the Failure of Philosophy: "Unless the process of verification, to which the ancient philosophers lent so little attention, is successful enough to give invented hypotheses a fair standing, the trained scientist to-day ranks them at their true and low value; that is, as nothing more than fig-

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ments of the imagination which may or may not correspond to eternal verities, and which therefore do not deserve, as long as they remain unverified, to serve as the basis of belief regarding such verities."

It is strange that one who recognizes the inadequacy of philosophical method as the cause of the sad state in which the subject finds itself should be stirred to grief over the matter. Yet the justly popular author of "The Story of Philosophy" bewails the fact that "science has usurped the ancient spacious realms, one by one, until nothing remains but the arid wastes of metaphysics, the childish puzzles of epistemology, and the academic disputes of an ethics that has lost all influence and appeal." "Let them go and good riddance," says the scientist; "as well might one mourn the fading greenness of the orchard when the crop hangs heavy on the bough." But Durant is not disposed to let nature take its course. He wants to revivify the old methodology and have philosophy up and about the business of filling in gaps in our knowledge by a vast series of unprovable assumptions. All of which, as Davis observes, is as if a geographer, after mapping explored areas, should draw in the rest to suit his fancy —a procedure which does not gain approval from travellers.

In spite of what Durant says, the situation is even worse for philosophy. Ethics has been legally adopted by sociology. Epistemology has taken its abode in every camp of science, as is just and proper; for each scientific department must be the judge of the validity of its results. Nothing remains but metaphysics; and metaphysics, as Kant showed long ago, is an unthinkable phantom, dealing with matters which cannot enter into human experience.

How much better it would be if the philosopher should come to realize that the big words with which he bombards his public are mere emotional aspirations, and would cease to press forward toward universal subjective judgments with so much solemn formality! The scientist would welcome him either as historian or as fellow workman and synthesizer. If he elects the latter course, however, he will not win respect and affection until he abandons the delusion that he is a hereditary grand arbiter by divine right. We live in democratic times. Authoritative judgments in science are made by those who have grubbed out a thorough first-hand knowledge of the phenomena with which they deal; not by those who confine their meditations to a *chaise longue*.

II

The creed of the scientist, upon which he believes the salvation of the world depends, is simple. Deal only with facts, all the facts; approach them without prejudice; draw justifiable conclusions from them; face these conclusions boldly. Every one who gathers experience critically and makes logical inductions from it, therefore, is necessarily a scientist; though he may not know it and would be as much surprised to find it out as was M. Jourdain upon learning that he had been creating prose every time he opened his mouth. But, just as the prose of the celebrated *bourgeois gentilhomme* presumably differed from that of M. Anatole France, so also the science of most of us differs from that of a Faraday or a Helmholtz.

This is a point which the public does not sufficiently appreciate, its judgments upon scientific matters being largely echoes of the daily press, where only minor applications of knowledge

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are exploited, where even those who put unimportant discoveries into words of one syllable for popular consumption are nominated for the next vacancy in the Hall of Fame. There is no need to undervalue any of these things. Producers of electric lights, rubber heels, and paper clips are estimable men who should be honored. They play a valiant part in the advance of civilization. Yet it is just as essential to discriminate between an Einstein and a mouse-trap designer as it is between a chemist and a cook, between an engineer and a plumber. The high place in science belongs to him who opens up a new mine of human knowledge, not to him who carries out the ore.

Justice is usually done eventually. This is why the names that stand out more and more clearly as time goes on are names like Faraday, Helmholtz, and Gibbs in physics; like Dalton, Liebig, and Arrhenius in chemistry; like Newton and Laplace in mathematics; like Darwin and Pasteur in biology. Yet it seems a pity so often to wait for post-mortems. Eventually—why not now? The answer is that we are so accustomed to think in terms of money that we cannot visualize the numerous ramifications of a great generalization in pure science until each one has been brought to our notice specifically by various practical applications. Only a few clairvoyant minds could have predicted that Darwin's work was destined to turn the whole course of human thought; that Pasteur's labors were to become the foundation of a sera-therapy that has saved millions of lives; that the theory of probability and the laws of motion were to enter into practically all scientific calculations; that electrodynamics and thermodynamics, built largely upon the demonstrations of Faraday and of Gibbs, should bring forth a new epoch of civilization. Our feeble intellects fail to distinguish at once between the man who conquers new territory and the army of spade-and-shovel men who merely consolidate their gains. Appreciation of this fact once called forth a rather bitter remark from H. A. Rowland, who, half a century ago, was America's leading physicist. "It is not an uncommon thing," said he, "especially in American newspapers, to have the *applications* of science confounded with pure science; and some obscure American who steals the ideas of some great mind of the past, and enriches himself by the application of the same to domestic uses, is often lauded above the originator of the idea, who might have worked out hundreds of such applications, had his mind possessed the necessary element of vulgarity."

I had not meant to eulogize pure science. It slipped out unawares. I intended simply to show why pure science ordinarily has greater opportunities for usefulness than applied science. Yet perhaps it would have been more seemly to rest with the bald statement that all knowledge is useful. Descriptive geometry was supposed by its discoverer to be too ethereal for utilitarian purposes; later it became one of the architect's most serviceable tools. The study of minute fossil organisms, apparently a most unpractical pursuit, is now an essential procedure in the petroleum industry. And so it goes. Every one who scorns the so-called theorist should recall the retort of the scientist who, when asked about the practical value of his work, countered with the query: "Of what use is a baby?" Obviously, it is not easy to predict the future value of discovery; but at the same time it is obvious that all scientific work is not

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equally valuable. This is where we flounder. To make a just classification of scientific work is as difficult as it is to estimate the work of the sculptor or the writer. When does a chisel-marked stone become an object of art? At what point does a rhythmical succession of words emerge as poetry?

We have a set of experiences seemingly unrelated—a chaotic impact of phenomena upon the mind. Gradually the mind begins to arrange these experiences. We begin to sense relationships, to have a feeling that there is a common cause for these phenomena. New interest is aroused. We become dissatisfied with such an all-too-passive rôle. We collect experiences actively, zealously; and speculate on homologies and affinities. Becoming more exacting, we formulate critical tests for homogeneity among these data of experience, and submit them to such tests. We segregate and classify our observations. Abandoning, in so far as it is possible, the disappointing inaccuracy of mere words, we gain precision by recourse to that divine shorthand, mathematics. We postulate verifiable relationships—the working hypothesis. We test, discard, refine, retest. Perhaps there emerges, finally, a natural law. Here is science. But can one say where it begins in this progressive series?

I am inclined to believe that excellence in scientific work is indicated by four things: the rigor with which the problem is formulated, the way in which non-essential variables which confuse the issue are eliminated, the homogeneity of the facts, and the precision with which the facts are analyzed. An example will show why this is so. In the early nineteenth century a considerable number of botanists were engaged in the study of heredity. They approached their problem experimentally and they worked hard; but they made little progress. Then came Gregor Mendel, the keen-minded Austrian monk whose work formed the foundation of a new department of biology. How did he do it? Very simply. He made certain of the purity of his stocks by inbreeding. He crossed plants differing by only a few clearly distinguishable characteristics. He followed each separate trait through several generations of controlled matings, keeping careful records. The numerical regularity of the results suggested the existence of hereditary units in the germ-cells which behaved in a particular manner. If this hypothesis were a true representation of the facts, certain predictions regarding the results of specific matings could be made. The predictions were realized. Mendel was thus enabled to formulate the two laws which are associated with his name. And he was thus successful solely because he paid attention to the four scientific criteria enumerated above.

Unfortunately, the difficulties presented by various problems are not of the same order of magnitude. The problems themselves are hazy. It is not easy to apply tests for the cogency and homogeneity of the facts at hand. The practical perplexities of experiment are enormous. For these reasons progress in sociology must necessarily be slower than in psychology; psychology cannot keep pace with general biology; biology must give way to physics and chemistry. But objective study does give results, no matter what the field. It is the spirit of science that counts. The universal appreciation of this great truth is the goal of the scientist. Four centuries ago Vesalius overthrew the sway of tradition in medicine. He replaced

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faith in the study of Galen and of Hippocrates with faith in the study of the human body itself. When the domination of tradition is destroyed in those departments of knowledge where it still rules, then only may one expect human society to reach the full development of which it is capable.

Now what is this process to which we give the name of science? Briefly, it is the determination of relationship between phenomena. That is all! When it is done we can express great quantities of facts concisely, crisply; and we can say that when a given set of conditions is realized it is highly probable that a definite phenomenon will occur. Such is the harmony of nature that all science, all applications of science, have come from an organization of knowledge in this simple manner.

The sole objective of science is to teach the relation of things to each other. It certainly does not teach the true nature of things. When a theory pretends to show the nature of heat, of electricity, or of life, it is condemned beforehand; for, since science is the description of the unknown in terms of the known, certain indescribable antecedents will always remain unknowable.

Does science teach us the true relation of things? In a pragmatic sense, yes. We can determine relationships that hold for one and for all, for ourselves and our descendants. True, our so-called laws are periodically replaced, and to the ignorant this process means building anew upon the ruins of the old. But such is not the case. Of the old something ever remains to serve as foundation of the new. We approach exactitude and we call it truth. Why not? In our experience it serves as truth. It may be, as M. Poincaré has suggested, that the sole result of all our work, our thought, is only a gleam in the midst of a long night; but that gleam is everything.

Shall we not, then, with Havelock Ellis, identify science and art, see truth as beauty? Is there not transcendent beauty in a harmonious universe, in suns that blaze and fade as they roll onward in their orbits, kept in their places by the mutual influence of one upon the other; or in a world taking form from the extruded mass of a cooling star; or in the combining properties of molecules; or in the microcosmos of the atom; or in growth, reproduction, and death; or—in a word—in evolution? One cannot answer no, and, if he answers yes, can he think there is no thrill in revealing these beauties? Is there delight in transferring to canvas scenes from which one gains a fleeting pleasure? Think of Isaac Newton depicting the cosmos in a single brush-stroke!

Too many people fail to realize the artistry of science. They have learned to appreciate only the art of the eye and of the ear. For them the higher cerebral centres are useless baggage. Darwin and Gibbs are dull fellows. They are to be pitied, these cocksure æsthetes. To those who understand, inductive discovery is the highest creative effort, as the Greeks well knew.

Is it real, or is it mirage? I do not see how we shall ever know, or why we should ever care. It fits in with the pattern of existence. It works. If our science is the shifting illusion of a silvered screen, so also are we.

As another approach to the art of living, see "The Dominie Balances His Ledger" in this number.

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Nothing Fried

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
Author of "The Perfect Tribute," etc.

Ross muttered ends of sentences: "Nothing fried—climb no hills—no swimming. What in hell can a man do?—Margaret," he roared.

Margaret came running.

"I feel ill, Margaret. You ought not to have let me have bacon. The doctor said——"

"Remmie, you plain would eat that bacon. I begged you——"

Ross interrupted: "You knew I was ill. And now I feel very queer. I'm going to see the doctor."

"The doctor's gone to London."

"But I must see a doctor. The assistant. What?"

Margaret had been waiting for this. "*Winthrop?* That young chap?" He shook his head. "He's too young."

"But, dearie-Remmie, Doctor Winthrop's not young; thirty-five. He's awfully clever."

"Who said so?"

"Tommy Reed; Tommy's uncle's a big doctor in New York, and *he* says Eliphalet Winthrop's top-notch in this city."

"Why didn't I go to him first?"

"You were hipped about this Seaford man."

"Evans said he was a wonder," murmured Ross.

"I know, darling."

If only she wouldn't soothe him!

"Governor Evans said Doctor Seaford was a great diagnostician, and that's what you wanted, wasn't it, dearie? You didn't know what was up inside of you; you wanted to be diagnosed, didn't you?"

"Like hell, I did." He clapped a hand on his anatomy.

"What is it?" whispered Margaret.

"Bacon," Ross whispered back. "I oughtn't. But—sweetbreads and prunes for dinner. Clam broth and chop for lunch. Milk toast. Damned innocent stuff. The bacon — He food." A moan.

"Remmie," asserted Margaret, "we'll go to Doctor Winthrop."

A half-hour later to Ross, pallidly watching her lock the car-engine, arrived a greeting. "Well," greeted a voice of cheerfulness. "You in town?"

"And what brings you home from Canada, judge?"

"Case. Back to camp Thursday. How are you both?"

"Remington's not very fit," Remington's wife answered. "We're going to see Doctor Winthrop now."

"I'm sorry," said the judge. "But you've got the best man in the city."

"Remmie went to Doctor Seaford," Margaret told him. "He's said to be a—a fine diagnostician. He diagnosed Remmie all to pieces. Hardly a thing you might do or eat, was there, Remmie?"

"Or drink. But I'm sure he knows," Ross insisted. "Evans says he's a miracle."

The judge looked thoughtful. "You're going to Winthrop?"

"Doctor Seaford is in England."

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"Oh." The judge considered. "Ask Winthrop if you hadn't better come to Canada with me Thursday for a few weeks. My wife won't be back from Italy till October; I'm alone and lonely. And it would do you good."

There were tears in Margaret Ross's eyes. "Judge, you're an angel. But—he couldn't. He eats special things. He couldn't rough it the least bit."

"Well," persisted the judge, "tell Winthrop. You ask him."

Doctor Winthrop's office was cool and dark this hot day; in a laboratory a white flash of nurse flicked across the doorway. There might be hope in the world.

"Why, no," came the doctor's assured tones. "Two pieces of bacon won't kill you. Not this time."

"Doctor Seaf—" Margaret realized that was not tactful. Yet she persisted. "Orders were to eat nothing fried. And he stuffed two pieces of fried bacon. And he has felt much worse."

"I see." Doctor Winthrop's dark eyes gazed at his long fingers. "I'd better look you over myself, Mr. Ross."

He set to work, taking blood-pressure and temperature, asking straight-from-the-shoulder questions, talking along, then asking more questions.

"What are you planning this summer?" he inquired, unwinding a bandage from Ross's arm.

"We have a cottage at Purple Rocks," Ross answered. "It's gay; and I'm not just up to card-parties. But the children adore it." He smiled. "I promised to ask you something. We met Judge Browning as we came in. Fresh from his camp in Canada. He told me to ask if you wouldn't order me back with him Thursday. I know it's absurd."

The doctor sat back. "I went up to his camp last year. Have you done camping?" The question sounded purely social.

"Never," said Ross sadly. "I always wanted to."

"Do you like fishing and shooting? Do you paddle a canoe, swim?"

"Swim, certainly. But I won't be allowed, this summer."

"You shoot, cast a fly?"

"I've only dreamed of that sort of thing. But I can tramp the legs off anything," boasted Ross. "I mean I could," he amended sadly. "I won't be allowed to climb now."

The doctor looked at his watch. "I have an appointment, Mr. Ross," he spoke unhurriedly. "We'll try to get you fit again. You have a splendid body; you're strong and young, and nothing organic seems wrong. About five o'clock to-day?"

"Why, Remmie!" Margaret cried it out as he pulled her violently from the waiting-room.

"That man called me young," he flung at her. "He says I have a splendid body. Young, Maggie. He didn't ask my age the way these other devils have. Get away from the wheel, woman; I'll drive."

At five Doctor Winthrop was confronted by Margaret Ross.

"Remmie's in the library," she addressed him breathlessly. "You did him good—gave him courage. But now he's slumped. He's hipped about the things he was told not to do. And if you tell him he *can* do all those things— Doctor Seaford—Governor Evans said—" She collapsed into a muddle.

"I see," agreed the doctor. "Nerves. Mrs. Ross, I'll be cautious."

Followed a conference in the Ross library, with laughter. As the tall young doctor rose to go he turned to the patient.

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"Remember, I'm not prescribing *over*exertion. You're going to be well. But treat yourself reasonably; you know the details as well as I. I *am* prescribing a new fly-rod and hobnails in your boots." Said the doctor further: "When you get back, come and tell me about the fishing."

Three days later. "Nearly there, Ross." The train, making heavy going through mountains, stopped impetuously. A river; a rough house; mountains crowding. They dropped off the train into a ditch; the train porter handed luggage to guides.

"Well," greeted the judge. The judge always said "Well." "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world," was the translation of "Well" spoken by the judge.

"Bonjour, m'sieur," grinned Henri. The others chorussed *"Bonjour"*—Huron half-breeds whose language was French.

Ross, anxious when in Rome to do as the Romans, shot his mind backward to his one term of French. All he seemed to be able to remember was *"Mon père."* "You"—to Henri—"I call you *Mon père."* Henri was charmingly polite. *"Oui, m'sieur,"* he answered, as if used to being "father" to fifty-year-old Americans.

The men bustled, collecting luggage and packages, from Quebec, with an air of food. Then a footpath to a river; canoes; the judge and Ross and two guides embarked in one. Down the river a mile, and across, and an arched doorway of trees opened into the forest.

The canoes landed; Ovide, forward paddle, lilted ashore and gripped the bow in his knees. Ross found it in his mind to spring like Ovide; a *beau geste.* But the rock which had received Ovide wabbled; Ross did, too; he was in the river, and Ovide solicitously pried a paddle at his loud stockings.

"All right, my boy?" inquired the judge nonchalantly.

"Quite all right," Ross announced with extreme heartiness, and scrambled; he considered saying that he always got out of a canoe that way; preferred it. But, behold, nobody was paying attention; the guides were loading *pacquetons;* the judge was inquiring as to whether traps had come for taking chub.

"I'm trying to exterminate chub from my lake," explained the judge earnestly. "Big trout in the lake, but they're fed up on chub and won't rise to the fly."

"Is that so?" Damn chub. Chub traps. Ross had got wet; Margaret would have been frightened. But the judge was preoccupied. "We'll get a ton of chub out of that lake."

Ross trudged after him; he was a sick man; nobody noticed; he trudged. Then a brook by the trail turned a corner with a sudden, hollow, sweet undertone. He forgot he was wet; he listened to the brook.

The judge stopped short. "That little hill winds me always."

And Ross looked back. At the landing the guides still bent over the packs—why, the landing lay at the foot of a precipice. "Did I come up that? I shouldn't climb hills."

"I forgot and clipped along. It won't hurt you," the judge answered negligently.

Ross was shot in two ways; people should *not* forget his heart; but, also, the judge was eight years his senior and had "clipped along." Ross put a hand on his left chest, and wondered in an ignorant, lay manner if he might die at

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once. He kept an eye out to notice if he dropped dead. The portage was a mile; one trod slippery logs down-hill; one picked a way through rocks; the footing changed at each step; there were two hills more, one long and steep.

"Take this as slowly as you want," the judge spoke over his shoulder. "It's a teaser, but you'll get used to them." Gray moose-skin hunting-boots floated ahead. Ross ploughed after. He might drop dead; and that would be a lesson to the cold-blooded. At the crest the judge stopped, took off his cap, smiled beneficently.

"You came up like a bird. Hot, isn't it? How are you feeling?"

"My head is buzzing a good deal," Ross confided nervously.

"That's all right," said the judge comfortably. "Just buzz your legs along harder; it'll all come out in the wash."

Ross set his teeth. He wanted his Margaret. He could hurl symptoms at this case-hardened judge for a week without making a dent. Rather sore, he took up the trudging, and then, from the top of a last hill, they looked down at water.

"Pretty bay?" asked the judge as if he had just finished it and thought himself rather a dab at bays. "Get into the canoe, Ross."

Almost he went into the lake, this time also, trying to be Ovide-esque.

"You have a sort of — flair — for water, haven't you?" the judge observed. "Step in the middle of the boat, man."

The canoes sped into a field of silver, reaching toward blues of mountains. Ross was worried about his wet legs; yet—"I never saw anything so lovely," he conceded. The judge, taking credit for the Laurentian Mountains and his little invention of lakes, purred. They passed deep bays, pale green patches at the mouths of streams, islands rising from brown water. Ross, clammy legs and all, had to love it. An unknown region in his being opened out and throbbed.

They arrived. A long camp stood against a wood. Around the headland was a guides' camp, a kitchen, an ice-house, a dining-room; tiny buildings nicked into endless hills. The canoes ran in.

"Well," beamed the judge. "There's your house," nodding to a small thing, green-stained. "But come to the big camp first."

They entered a room of many windows, of shelves of books, of hickory chairs and gay curtains, of distinguished bareness. No rugs but moose-skins. No pictures, only snow-shoes, guns, and paddles on the walls. A long table was loaded with magazines and books. The judge fell to getting glasses from a cupboard.

"What a splendid room!" Ross stared about.

"It couldn't be plainer," its owner said, "but it is nice." And then Ross shook his head. "No alcohol. I told you I'd be a dead loss." He watched wistfully while lawful stuff went down the judicial throat.

Ross's quarters. Beyond more gay curtains, the lake. The day was hot; that soft water would caress a man's flanks; a madness seized him. The judge heard a splash, and noted a sandy head twenty feet out. Ross pattered wetly into his cabin. "It was good," he muttered. And suddenly recalled something—"No swimming." Doctor Seaford—and *he* knew. Ross stopped his search for clothes. Chilly legs all the way up the lake; now a swim; it ought to kill him; to be reasonable he should

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die. He slid on a dressing-gown and lay down to die. His watch ticked. Five minutes; ten; not dead; fifteen; that sense of well-being—there was no denying it, he felt *fine*. He dressed. He had heard of a man who announced himself particularly well just before he dropped dead. He put a hand to his pulse; he went to the mirror and pulled up his eyelids. Doctors did that.

"Ross!"

"Hi! Yes." A whistle was shrilling. "Dinner," called the judge.

The dining-room; a roof, a table, a balustrade. The lake at one's toes.

"Every other camp in the club eats food indoors," said the judge. "We like this. When it rains, we put on rubber coats; when it snows, another sweater."

Ovide presented pea soup. But *such* pea soup. "I want more," clamored Ross.

"I'd advise against it," the judge counselled. "Don't take off the edge."

And here was Ovide bearing merely a black kettle. Ross looked into it.

"Ovide, give Mr. Ross a lot on his plate. Pork and beans."

"Pork — and — beans?" This to Ross's digestion, which just pulled through on sweetbreads, and shipwrecked on two pieces of bacon.

"Cooked in a bean-hole; they line the hole with stones and keep the fire going twenty-four hours. They put in the bean-kettle and leave it twelve——"

"Pork and beans."

"Ovide, *vous n'a pas donné de partridge—perdus—à m'sieur,*" remonstrated the judge. His French was the worst and most fluent on earth. *"Vous voulez faites mourir de faim m'sieur, n'est-çe pas?* There are four whole partridges in it," he splashed back into English. "It's my own invention."

A mound lay among beans; it smelled marvellous. And partridges are invalids' food. A bean or two—why not? Beans? Ambrosia. *Beans?*

"You're not eating the pork," complained the judge. "Pork's *tres nourissant*. The partridge is lost without pork —Ovide! *Donnez M'sieur Ross plus de porc.*"

"I can't eat anything fried." Ross was nervous.

"Fried? It's baked. Didn't I tell you? All day in a bean-hole. They line the hole with stones and——"

Ross nibbled a bit of pork. It melted. Heavenly. He ate it. Flapjacks, gold with brown edges, came rushing from the griddle, but those he omitted. Palpably fried.

"Not fried at all," the judge insisted.

There was maple syrup; Ross loved maple syrup. This was the thick sort. The judge poured it over butter on the hot cakes, and Ovide came running with hotter cakes. Ross suffered, but omitted flapjacks. Shadows lay over the lake; an hour-bird sang its sleepy, heartbreakingly sweet five notes out of the wood; a trout jumped, leaving a widening circle on the water; hills across the pass stood yet sunlit on their upper ranges; past the window of the log kitchen George the cook moved, baking more flapjacks. Ross patted himself.

"Complet." He remembered signs on Paris omnibuses and was rather pleased. *"Complet"* meant "full"; he knew some French, eh? "Browning," he set forth, as lamps were lighted in the big camp and he put a match to a cigar, "that pork may kill me, but it's a happy death. The flapjacks would have been suicide."

The judge shook his head. "With exercise and out-of-doors one can eat rocks. What you had was simple and healthful," he set forth. "So were the

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flapjacks. You missed it. George's best."

"What Doctor Seaford—" reflected Ross.

"Damn Seaford!" said the judge pleasantly. "Seaford's clever; he gives you diseases and then cures 'em. He fools people; but he's an ass. Don't let him fool *you*. Now I'd go to bed; you'll be twenty-one in the morning."

Ross smiled sadly. "I shan't sleep to-night," he said. "But," he conceded, "I've had a wonderful day."

He wandered with his flash-light through laurel-bushes across to the guest camp; then found his medicine-case. "Papain and Charcoal — compound, Squibb. Two tablets." He took them. A phial was marked "Aromatic Ammonia." Before taking that he hunted for his clinical thermometer and stuck it under his tongue. He looked. He shook it again. As plain as day, 98⅗. Normal. Well, the thing must be out of order. He lay down wondering if this should be his last night on earth, and the next event was the swish of leaves at his window.

"I gather you've slept a little," announced the judge at the door; a word followed about cloudy weather and fishing; then: "Come on in; the water's fine."

"I wouldn't dare swim again. The shock's dangerous for me. But—I did sleep." A yawn, a swing of legs to the floor.

"Won't go in?" inquired the judge; Ross blinked at lake water glittering into his eyes. "I don't dare." From his window he saw the judge plunge and come up and kick out and shake his head like a sea-dog. Life is hard.

"There's a small lake over the mountain; under two miles. We call it Jumping Trout Lake," planned the judge at breakfast. He peered at the sky. "It won't rain; it'll be gray and warm; fishing weather; if you'd rather rest——"

"Of course I wouldn't rather rest, but I'm limited, Browning," Ross objected peevishly. "I can't climb mountains."

"What about yesterday?" grinned the judge insultingly.

"Oh, well— Yesterday was some sort of miracle. I tell you what I'll do, judge—I'll go part way. If *Mon père* will paddle me home?"

A climb up a rough portage; Ross stopped on the level. He pulled off his cap and stood panting. Wind ruffled his hair; the scent of balsam was on the wind; a brown stream talked busily, very clearly, a few yards away, crossing the portage.

"I'm going back, judge. I'm at the end of my strength," Ross gasped. Then he jumped. "In the name of the Board of Health," he snapped, and he was breathing like anybody else, "I saw a trout. Under the bridge. In the shadow." He pointed to where two logs lay over the brook. He jerked toward the judge. "I'll bet you think I'm joking, but I did see a trout. A speckled fish, pink stomach. I've seen trout in markets and I've examined 'em, and this was a trout."

"You don't say? Henri, Mr. Ross's rod; he thinks he saw a wild trout. Back, man, don't get near the stream; bend over—crawl. There; a very short line, let the flies fall light—light; hardly touch the water." The judge, on his legal stomach, directed.

And then arrived a delirious event—a rush of breaking water, a white splashing in the brown, little, shadowy pool, a vicious, shaking pull, this way and that, as of a trout well hooked, of a trout, this time, which had hooked

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himself. And then into the forest stillness rang such a sound as forests knew in antique days, a primitive yell, while above their heads soared a thing that does not habitually soar in air; Ross had yanked his fish bodily out, given him a joy-ride on the leader, and landed him fifteen feet in the woods, wriggling at Henri's feet. Henri lost no time pouncing, and the judge rolled on his back and wiped away tears.

Ross shot one glance to see that the fish was dealt with, and was back on his elbow, flat to earth otherwise, letting the flies down cautiously on the pool, lifting them gingerly, dropping them more cautiously, over and over, till on a recover there was dull resistance.

He peered around thunderously. Henri was squirming at the back of his shirt.

"He always rises to a Parmechene Belle," the judge reflected. "I'll cut it." The shirt was operated. "Come along, Ross. You won't take any more. The place is too small. Dozens waiting at Jumping Trout."

"A few casts more?" Ross reasoned. "One—sort—of—rose." But the judge walked on, and he followed up the narrow, rocky trail, talking steadily. "I saw him shooting out from under the bridge and I knew instantly it was a trout——"

"You do find 'em in trout-streams at times," the judge agreed.

"Yes. And I—er—rer—I *recognized* him! That's a trout, I said instantly. It's rather a nice little trout, isn't it, *Mon père?"* he asked.

"Lots of 'em in Jumping Trout Lake," the judge said, grinning.

"Are there, really?" inquired Ross in his guileless tones. "Oh, hold on. Wasn't that a hill?"

"You bet it was a hill; we're over the mountain, and you didn't even notice. Want to go home?" the judge demanded, and his blue eyes were misty with laughter.

Ross was aware of complexity of feeling; injured dignity, for he *was* a sick man. And then—but then— His feet were lifting of themselves; he was lit through with exhilaration, anticipation, exultation—a symphony of sensations. Heart? Stomach? Nerves? The only personal item of which he was conscious was a dog-goned certainty that he was going to fish in Jumping Trout Lake.

"Want to go home?"

"Bill Browning, you go plumb to thunder," fired off Ross, using a name he had not learned in that high court where the judge sat in a silk robe. "I'm going to catch fish."

" 'Take.' *Don't* say 'catch.' It's very awful. Marketmen catch fish; fishermen take them," corrected Bill Browning.

"Well, I'll take 'em if I can, but I'll catch 'em with my toes if necessary."

A little lake appeared, and a cow moose wallowed there, and one saw a brown back-bone cropping out of the water; and her ladyship ran ponderously, splashing great foam. There was another short portage and they came out on Jumping Trout Lake. That morning Ross had been given a lesson in casting.

"A slow recover. Don't slap your flies on the water—let 'em down softly, tail fly first. Strike instantly when the fish touches the fly—" More instructions.

So he set to fishing. There was tangled line; there were flies hooked in the back of Henri's shirt and the top of his hat and the branch of a tree on shore; there were trout lost because of slack,

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because of striking like a thunderbolt. Then he began to take them. Wild mountain lake, brown flashing water, stillness, air like wine and a loon calling; a feeling that nowhere on earth was there hurry. And he was taking them. Little fellows, but they rushed at the fly, jumping out of water six inches with an eagerness that made Ross laugh aloud. The first was a half-pounder.

The judge from his boat clamored. "Don't jerk; he'll pull loose. Play him; play him even if he's small. Give him line. *That's* right." The judge cooed like a dove. "Hell—use the net, Henri; don't lose that fish— Ah."

Landed. Ross whirled around to gloat, and all but shot the boat over. "I'll be damned if you don't drown yourself yet," grumbled the judge from that corner of his mouth not busy with his pipe. Ross took another. "Jumping Trout Lake indeed. It's well named," he murmured. And, having twelve, and the judge others, it was time to go home.

"Browning," Ross spoke, when he entered the big camp later, "do you suppose there's such a thing as a vacancy in this club?"

Fish, little trout, *his* trout were sizzling in the pan as they came to the *al fresco* dining-room. Ovide presented frying-pan and all, and curly bacon lay among curled-up fish-tails; Ross, talking earnestly of club membership, helped himself to three trout and four slices. And then came to.

"Judge! What a guest you've tied up with. I forgot; I *can't* eat anything fried. I'm so sorry. Don't bother, for there's plenty of food — but, Ovide, take it away. The smell of it tortures me."

"George," spoke the judge, across the gallery which ran to the kitchen, "broil six trout for Monsieur Ross—damn *vite*. No," to Ross, "no trouble, only you'll have to wait. Bacon, too, George. *Broil,* you know—*sur la taussière*——"

"Mais oui, m'sieur."

"The day is coming," prophesied the judge, "when you'll put away hunks of fried bacon and trout and pork too—in this camp—and never turn a hair."

"Thank you, judge," answered Ross, and remembered to smile the sad smile of the invalid.

Days sped—sunshiny days when they made expeditions over trails; cloudy days when a Scotch mist laid a cool touch on the skin, when fish rose, and Ross, growing in wisdom, gave himself to fishing—till his weeks in camp were almost gone and it was mid-September, and not yet had he realized a dream he had dreamed—one Really Big Trout. In the club they had been taken to eleven pounds, veritable *salmo fontinalis*. He was now a member. He longed passionately for one of, say, four and a half? But in five days he must leave Canada.

"Except for a few limitations, Browning," he announced, "I'm about well. I can't climb much yet." The judge snorted. "And I have to be careful about food, but—nearer well than ever I hoped. But will it evaporate, at home? Is it psychology?"

"Huh!" grunted the judge around his cigar. "If I could put about four pounds of greasy, fried food down you —you'd be a well man."

Ross shook his head. "Damned weak digestion, *I* know. I can't manage *anything* fried. Doctor Seaford said I must touch no alcohol and nothing fried." Then, with his guileless smile of a boy, the big, red-headed man continued: "Judge, I have a sort of hunch—of

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course it's silly but I believe if I could catch——"

"Take."

"If I could *take* a Really Big Trout—just one—it would be the making of me. I'd never have nerves again. I'd be too busy looking forward to catch—taking another."

The judge nodded, "It works that way."

A morning gray, quiet and warm; a fisherman's day. "In ten minutes," ordered the judge after breakfast, "two canoes." An hour and a half later the guides were pushing the canoes into a swirling current. The Batiscan River was wide of one hundred yards along there, and hurried down tumultuously; white masses tumbled, slid glassily, broke into churning white, plunged. The air hummed hoarsely. In mid-ocean stood a rock, lovely with white gentians, with taller blooms of feathered pink. But not for beauty did they go to it; they went because Henri could there push the paddle into crevices, and hold the canoe. Ross cast; the judge watched critically; his pupil had gone a long way since Jumping Trout Lake.

"Careful — about — recover," the judge bellowed above the noise, and Ross nodded, happy. What was there on earth better than the thing he was doing? Nothing. He was fisherman-born, discovering his birthright at fifty. Religious converts are more fanatic, coming to zeal late in life; so this one to fishing. To-day for the first time he flew only one fly, a dry fly, a Silver Doctor, good in these waters. His rod was a four-ounce Bishop; he had broken two tips and was operating on his last. His record also included three mangled tips of the judge's rods lent him to learn with.

Over the unresting water shivered the thread of light which was the leader. A speck of color trembled at its end, touched a tumbling wave, came up and crossed the sky like a tiny bird; back; down to the stream; back; again and again—the Silver Doctor. A fisherman loves to take fish, loves the thrill of a strike, the rush of the hooked fish; loves the game of holding the line taut, not too taut, of giving line, of reeling in, of matching a man's clumsy tactics against an expert in its own element. It is also joy to the true fisherman to cast all day and take nothing. Only those whom the gods have first driven mad can do that. The first eight trophies of Ross's rod and reel were chub; he regretted their chubbiness; but he went on having an uninterrupted glorious time.

Now and then Henri pushed upstream or drifted down; they were back at White Gentian Island when It happened. In Ross's hand holding the rod thrilled an awareness, a message, and, before the feeling was phrased, he struck. Henri's eyes glittered toward the line.

"Bottom?" gasped Ross.

The bottom of the river then started running with the Silver Doctor; it ran like a terror-struck ice-wagon.

"Line. Give him line, sirr," grunted Henri in burring English. And somehow Ross knew enough to do it fast enough. Being born a fisherman means that; fishermen do not think actions—they do them.

The judge was hastily there, was on the side-lines, watching. The weight at the end of that thirty feet of line, of the nine-foot thread of catgut, that weight saw fit without warning to run toward the boat. The judge yelped horribly.

"Take in line, sirr," said Henri excitedly.

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Ross snapped: "I'm taking in, *Mon père.*"

The line was taut. Ross, taking in fast, lifted the rod, the tip, as high as he could reach to keep pace with that race straight at the canoe; an inch of slack, an ounce of too much pull, and the fish might shake free.

"Slower," bellowed the judge.

Ross did not hear. He was remembering back through weeks past. Back and forth and sideways, under the tumbling river, rushed the strong life held by that fairy thread, by the slender hook of the Silver Doctor. If the barb should give. If the snell should break. A run like a bullet out of a gun brought Ross's heart up behind his front teeth.

"He's five pounds," shouted the judge; Ross caught the word.

"Five"—if he should take him. If he should lose him. Then—nothing. Cessation of hostilities. No feeling whatever, where had been an electrified weight.

"Lost him?"moaned Ross, amazed.

"No, *sirr,*" Henri threw back. "Sulking. Don't let him get on the bottom. Be ready, sirr."

Ready? How—ready? *Wasn't* he ready? Lordy! With that, a vicious pull; a shaking this way and that way; the judge watched, silent. No counsel could help; if the big fellow were hooked lightly he would shake loose now, and human skill could not prevent it. Ross, at the end of instruction, used judgment. "Not too taut, so he'll get strain to pull against; but no slack," he murmured. Like lightning came the change, a violent run; the reel sang to the ripping line; then a second, instantaneous, not to be avoided, of slack as the fish whirled. Ross taking in by long lengths, with his left hand, felt a new sensation in the line.

"Careful," exploded Henri. "It's across the rock."

The stern of the canoe was wedged. Across the sharp front of White Gentian Island stretched, tight, the thin, green, tapered line; the fish had taken some twist which had given him leverage; it was a matter of seconds till the rock should saw the line. Ross peered over; three feet of water it looked, and stony bottom. If he could get the rod around the corner. Holding the butt high, overboard he stepped, floundered, got his footing. River above his knees, he began to take in. Only in time; the enemy came like a catapult while Ross yet scraped hobnails for his balance. But he stood, and he took in line, and somehow he kept the line taut. With that—a new event; a wallowing, silver back rose from the deep, a big fin flapped.

"Tired," bellowed the judge; Ross heard, and smiled.

"Careful, sirr," growled Henri. However did *Mon père* get there beside him with the net? There he was. "He'll run again, sirr."

He did. But no such heroic run as earlier. Ross, straddling rapids like a river-god, felt as if he had been giving line and taking in, lifting and lowering a rod for several weeks, and was equal to a few runs more. *Mon père* dipped his long-handled net in water and held it poised. Plainly tired now, the big citizen wallowed close; delicately Ross reeled, drew him nearer carefully; a dive from the net; a water-spout breaking, a grunt from Henri. From the judge rose a ten-year-old yell straight out of the ten-year-old boy dwelling in every right fisherman. Ross climbed on White Gentian Island and crawled on his stomach to the net because that seemed surer.

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"Mon père," he spoke tremblingly. "Oh, *Mon père!"*

Henri killed the fish in the net with a whack over the head from a hunting-knife, then pulled him out and freed the Silver Doctor. The other canoe was near, and Ross in a madness of delight lifted his beauty and flapped it toward them. He howled like a joyful hyena. And the trout slid from his hand. A four-ply bellow of agony arose; even the two Indians bellowed. And then Ross plunged downward. Kicking and pushing, he was dragged back by Henri, and the trout, which Providence had halted one second in a crevice, was clasped in his arms.

"You worked for that fish in every way convenient," sighed the judge, taking out his scales.

With that they were *"rendu"* on land. The judge put on his glasses and the gleaming great thing hung by a grim jaw from the scales.

"Aller five," hazarded Henri as the lever jerked.

"Quatre et trois quarts," suggested Ovide.

"I'm satisfied with four," said Ross happily; the judge bent to look.

"Six — and" — nobody breathed — "three-quarters — my heavens — seven pounds," read the judge. "Just over seven."

"Holy Moses!" Ross whispered. "Me!" Then: "It looked to me fifteen."

They were back at camp, a triumphant company. The big trout was to be baked for that night's dinner. The judge hurried around the point to the kitchen, while his guest floated across to his cabin on tinkling cymbals and purple clouds, or words to that effect.

"George," the judge began, in a weighty manner. A laborious arrangement of the French language was then addressed to George, the cook, and Ovide, the so-to-speak butler.

George and Ovide began to smile — nodded; then they were chuckling. *"Oui, m'sieur — je comprends, m'sieur."* The judge swung back with a bowl of cracked ice to his own camp. He listened.

"Remmie," he roared. "Have you changed yet?"

"Yes." Ross appeared on the gallery in dry clothes and a fatuous smile.

The judge chuckled. "Come over, man."

Ross was obedient.

"You need bracing." The judge mixed things.

Ross protested vaguely. The judge shook the mixture; the mixture tinkled and frosted the outside, and the judge filled two glasses.

"There's a dividend," he mentioned.

"It's alcohol." Ross looked at the big judge uncertainly.

"It's all of that. You've killed a seven-pound trout; do you suppose a pure young cocktail can hurt you? You've been through a strain — think of the moment that fish slid back. Think —" commanded the judge.

Ross thought; he groaned; he took a sip of cocktail. "If I'd lost him," he set forth, "I'd have died." He took another sip and shook his head. And took another.

"I thought he was a goner," stated the judge. "It was Providence, your clawing him that way."

Ross sipped twice thoughtfully. "It was," he decided.

"I want to tell you" — the judge just glanced at Ross's glass — "that you played that fish like a master. You *are* a master — you've qualified."

Ross tapped his glass with a finger as if calling its attention, and lifted it

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to his lips. "You're exaggerating, judge. It was marvellous luck. But, of course, you taught me all I know."

"I did. But I couldn't have taught you if you hadn't been fisherman-born." The judge's own glass was emptied.

Ross suddenly broke into laughter. "Judge, that kind of language suits me." He finished his cocktail at a gulp and held out the glass. "Dividend."

George's whistle. The two men took the shadowy, winding trail, twisting here around a boulder, turning there the hill, coming out at the ice-house, and ending at the table by the lake. Tall Ovide waited, and his black eyes rested on Ross a second speculatively. Then soup—good soup. The cocktail had sharpened an appetite already well started.

"More," he demanded. "Dividend."

"Vicious habit, putting your back teeth under soup," objected the judge. "Ross, tell me consecutively the saga of the fish. How did he take the fly first?"

Ross looked up with his wide eyes of a boy. Was his host really inviting him —the whole episode? It is beautiful to a lucky fisherman to be let talk about it. "Well, you see," he began happily, "at first I thought I'd—taken—no, *caught* the bottom. Then *Mon père* said——"

He ran along details, neglecting nothing. He had been asked to tell it; he was going to. Now and again, while he tucked away unnoticed food in unnoticed quantities, he glanced at the judge to be sure if his interest was not "dying on him." Not at all; the judge's glance seemed the brighter the more he talked. Ovide brought food, and Ross ate. Plates were changed and other edibles were present.

"So you see," Ross gestured, "so you see there was just one thing for it. I stepped into the drink. Gee, it was cold." A leg illustrated the stepping. "I nearly fell, for it was devilish slippery and the rocks rolled, but—" A stop. "Look here, Ovide, how many times do you think I'm—what's this I'm eating? Hominy—fried." A pause. "I'll sure die. What else have I eaten?" From the kitchen door a suppressed guffaw.

"I haven't enjoyed a meal as much in five years. But I'd like to know what I've been eating."

Ross had pushed back his bench with a scraping and was staring out of his round, light eyes from the judge to Ovide.

"What—Ovide?"

Ovide answered respectfully: "Soup, *m'sieur;* fried ba-kin—six *fois;* potato-skins fried; *patates—trois fois; truites, frites*—fried lit-tell trout—four, *quatres; des ognions frites*—fried onions—" Ovide hesitated. *"Deux fois les ognions frites.* T-vice onions; five pop-ovairs." Ovide glanced down at the plate he held, something in segments, crusty. "Fried hominy, *m'sieur*—and also *sirop d'arable* — maple syrup — *m'sieur* has *mangé*—it is five *morceaux.* Butter and *sirop avec."*

"A competent meal for a sick man, Ross. Let's go home and die."

In the kitchen doorway four pair of black Huron eyes sparkled as Ross and the judge took the trail to the big camp.

"I wonder if I ought to be scared to death." Ross lighted a pipe.

The judge snorted. "Scared? You're past that. Fear-complex gone. You haven't fussed over your food—much —lately; to-day you let loose. You're cured. Of course I didn't do it all," he reflected. " 'Liph Winthrop was on the

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job. But I had a hand." The judge's keen face, over his cigar, became thoughtful. "You've found—er—rer—yourself. Your roots have struck into subsoil. What you needed was the open, er—rer—big things. Impersonal. Fishing. That Seaford man diagnosed you—pooh—hell," the judge waved a hand. "Maybe you couldn't eat fried things with a stomach—er—rer—cocked for indigestion. 'Liph Winthrop—didn't *tell* me to feed you a test meal and cram it down you; but I've done it, and if you get ill on that banquet, I'll take it as personal."

"Judge," said Ross, "I won't." He didn't.

"Back, Mr. Ross?" Doctor Winthrop was in his office six days later. "Is it you, however?" The doctor regarded his patient more earnestly. "It certainly isn't the man I saw two months ago. What have you done to yourself?"

"Doctor," explained Ross, "I've caught myself a seven-pound trout."

The doctor also was a fisherman. The scene in the river rapids was relived and many patients in the waiting-room read wearily *The Century* for last February and weeks-old copies of *The Literary Digest*. The doctor, leaning forward to listen, heard water tumbling; felt a moist breeze on his cheek, saw steep hills rise above a river-gorge. The two drifted out on the current of Ross's story into that larger atmosphere which the good Lord has given to heal us, the impersonal world where the kinks straighten, and the pettinesses fall off, and the roots—if one has roots—strike down into simplicity. Then the doctor with a sigh came back to work and the patient patients. "Oh, my!" sighed the doctor, "you make me homesick for the woods. Well, Mr. Ross, if I do many more such cures as you, I'll have a great reputation but no practice. You know"—the charming, assured tones had a manner of laugh in them—"I called in some specialists on your case."

"You did?" Ross was surprised.

"Yes. I hope you won't mind—I—well—I telephoned the judge as a starter. I told him to treat you like a white man," confided the doctor.

"Oh. Huh?"

"Yes. We corresponded. I've had my eye on you by mail. I was in on some of the judge's tricks. But," added this rising medical man impressively, "I also referred your case to the best nervous specialist in this or any country."

"The devil you did." Ross was suspicious. "Who d'you mean?"

Doctor Winthrop had real laughter then in his keen and contemplative eyes of a great physician. "Old-Man-Out-of-Doors," he answered. "I'm rather satisfied with the associate I picked," pronounced the doctor.

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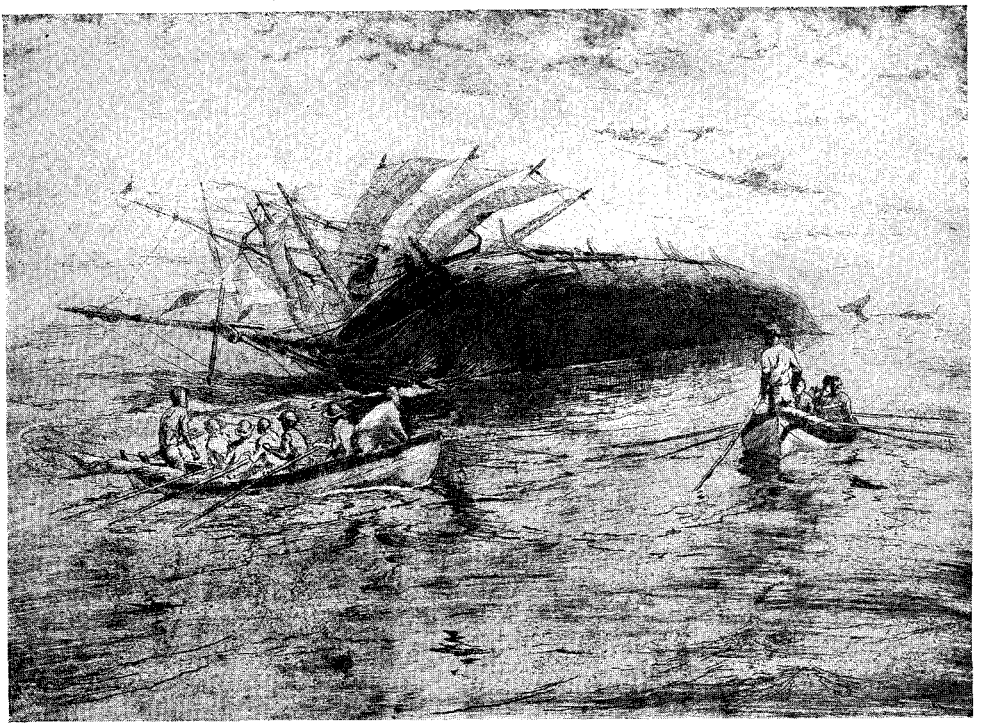

The *Kathleen,* Rammed and Sunk by a Sperm Whale, 1902.

Whalers and Whaling

EIGHT ETCHINGS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE GALE

GEORGE GALE is quartermaster of the ferryboat *Bristol,* at Bristol, R. I. His etchings are printed on a press built of white oak, braced with ship's knees, turned by means of a schooner's wheel, in a shed in his yard.

Mr. Gale studied art for four years but quit to ship as mate of the New Bedford schooner *Coral.* He left the sea after several years and took to his ferry-boat, which gives him time for etching. Some of his etchings have been added to the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and dealers have tried to persuade him to devote himself entirely to his art, but, as a friend describes him, "he's as salty as a piece of driftwood and looks like a changeling of the sea." His boat is his job and his etchings are his play.

These etchings, full of action and vigor, deal chiefly with scenes from life on board a whaler. "The typical spouter that cruised the seven seas in search of whales," writes Mr. Gale, "was just the opposite of the clipper, being rugged and stanch in build to stand the terrific wrenching and lifting strain of cutting in a whale. As time was no object, and cargo capacity was the main consideration, they were built bluff, deep, and square-sterned, for they cruised in lonely seas, far from repair-shops or shipyards, and so were obliged to carry all the tools necessary to do such repair work themselves, for they were away from their home port three, four, even five, years in a single voyage."

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Close Quarters.

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Darting the Iron.

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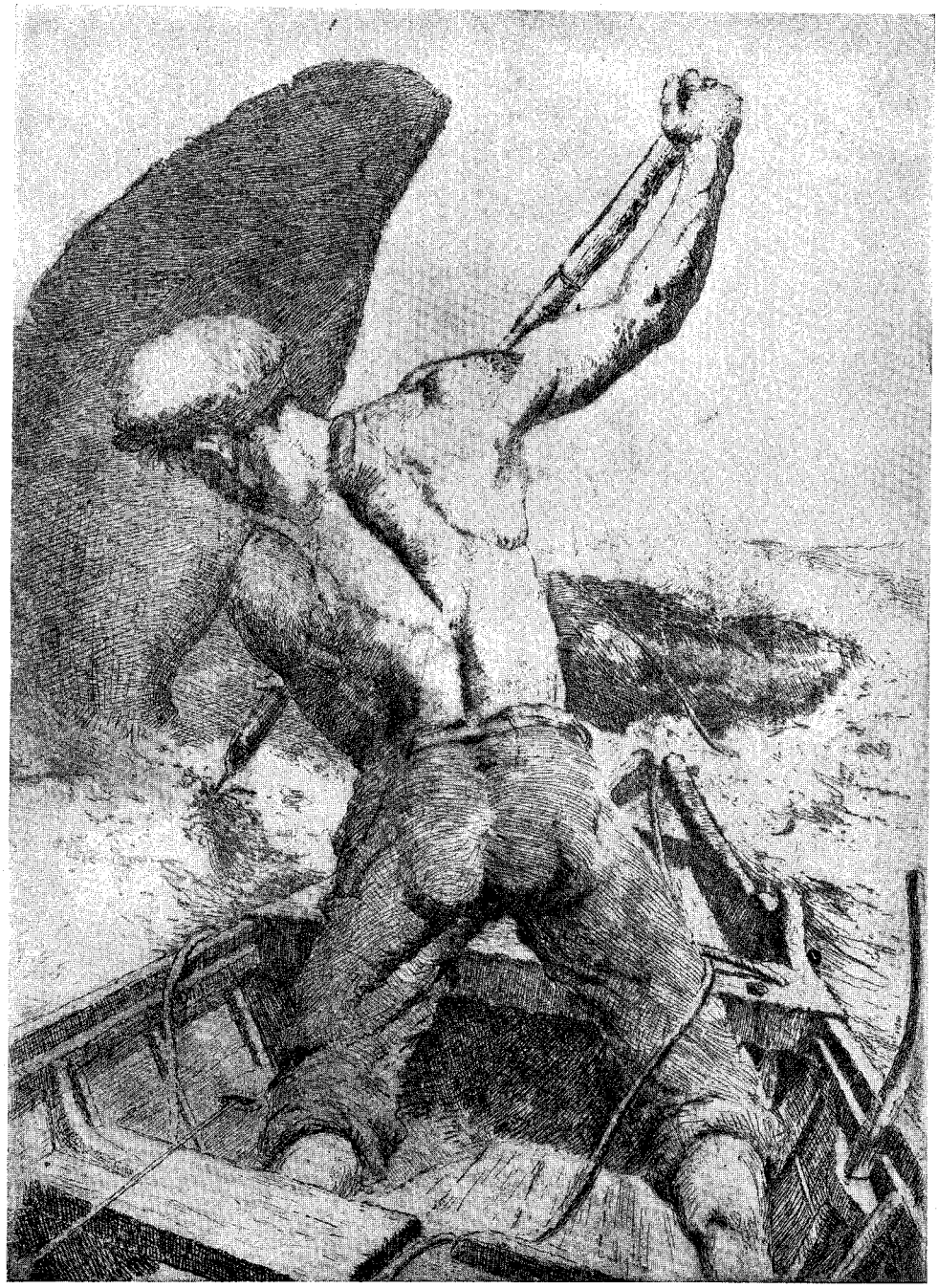

Lancing a Whale.

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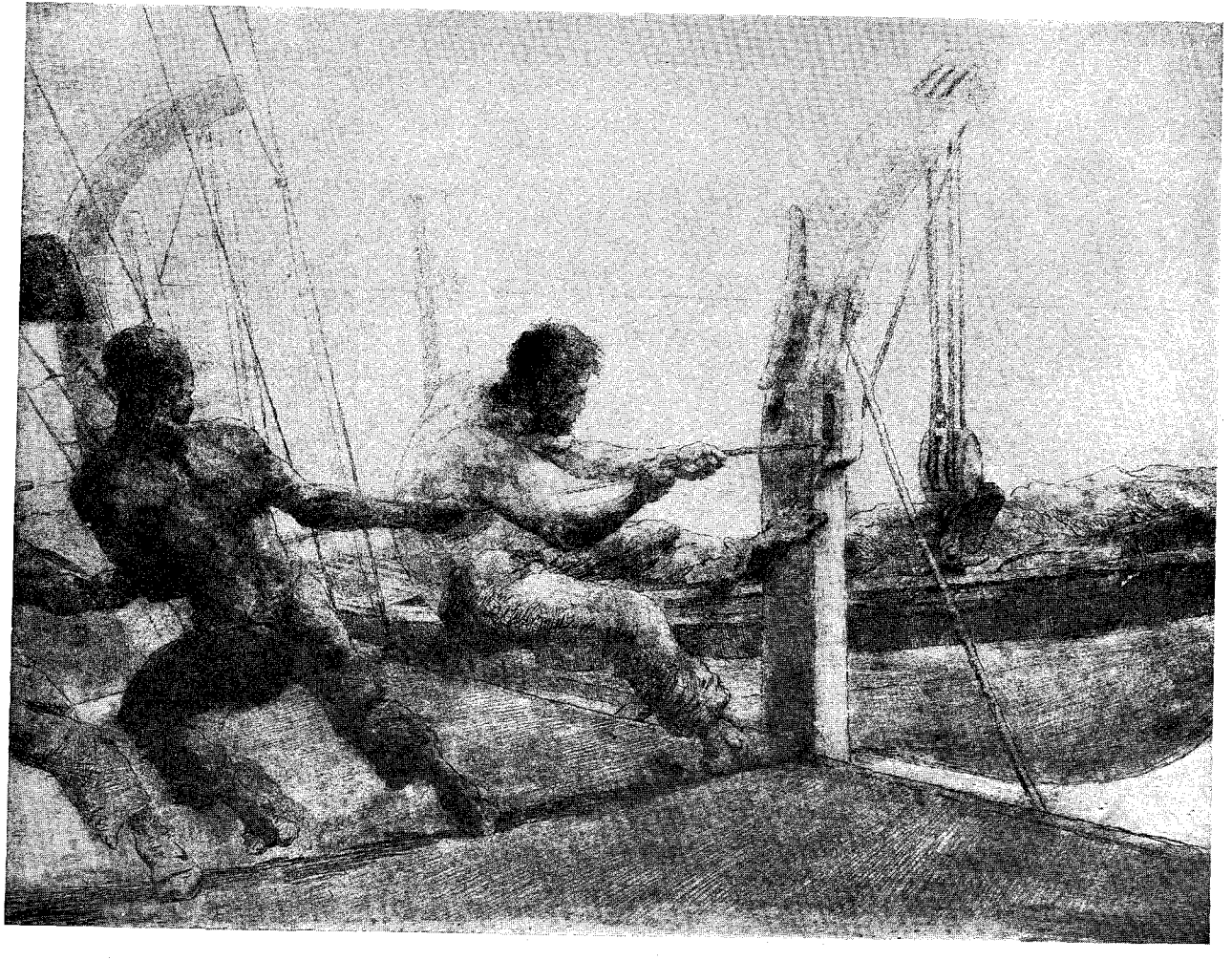

Hoisting the Whale-Boat.

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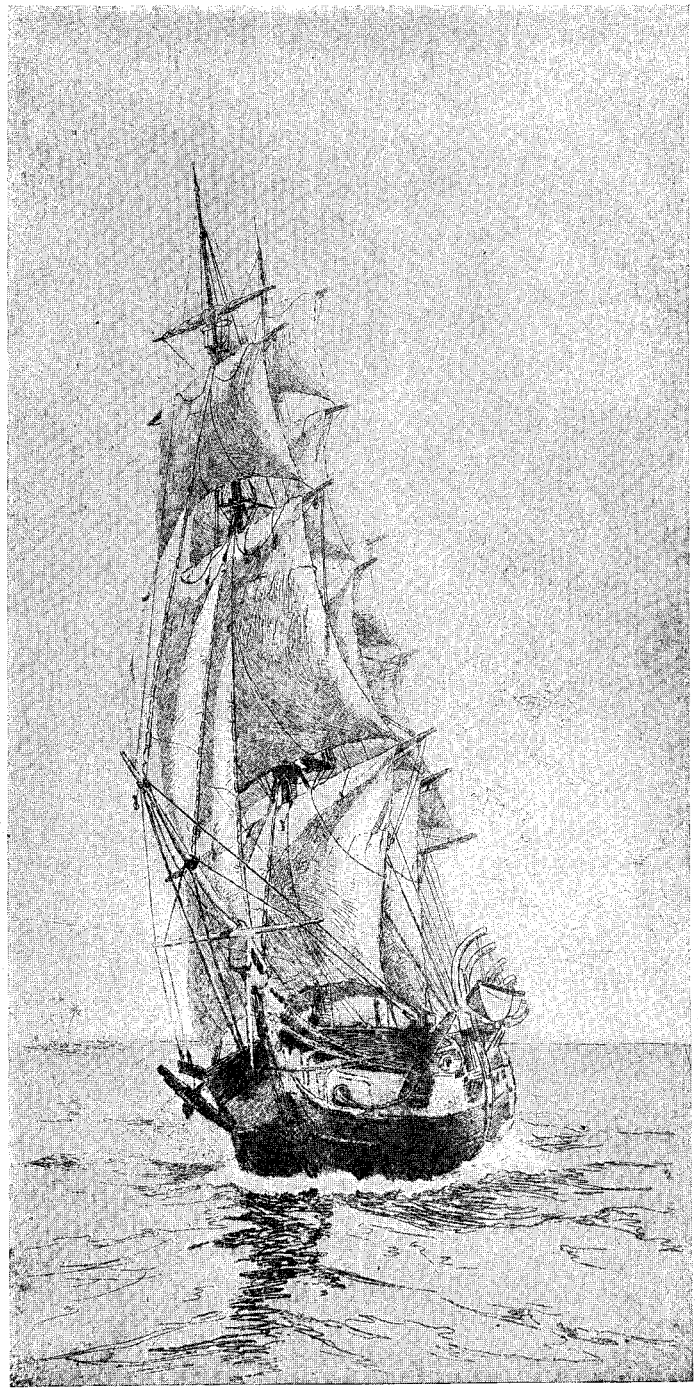

Whale-Ship *Eliza Adams.*

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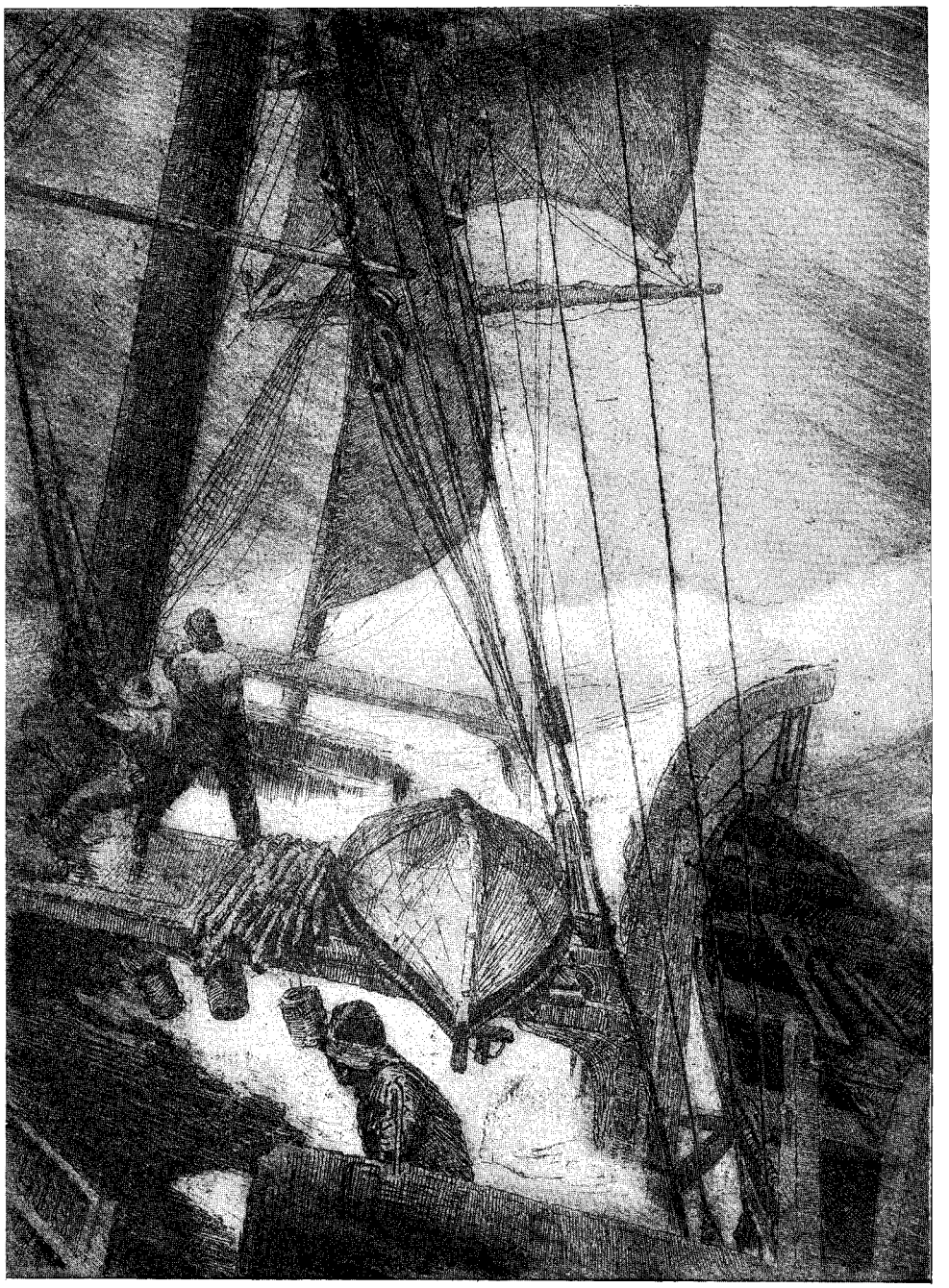

Cape Stiff.

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Barrett Wendell.

"The last of the Calvinists,"—so he termed himself in one of his intimate letters to William James. A teacher at Harvard from 1880 until 1917, one of the great humanists of the time, Barrett Wendell wrote to James: "As to Harvard I grow more and more puzzled. What the place means I don't know. Still less why they continue to employ there so torpid and corpulent a grizzled being as I grow to recognize in the mirror." These letters begin just before the publication of his authoritative work, "A Literary History of America."

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A Packet of Wendell-James Letters

EDITED BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

This correspondence, filled with wit and affection, which passed between the two great humanists, Barrett Wendell and William James, in the early years of this century was unearthed after the publication of "Barrett Wendell and His Letters" and is here published for the first time.

THROUGH many years Barrett Wendell and William James were intimately associated at Harvard College, first in the relation of pupil and teacher, then as colleagues of unequal rank in the college faculty, and finally as fellow holders of full professorships, Wendell in English, James in philosophy.

An acquaintance which led to a friendship warmly cherished by both had its beginnings when Wendell, as an undergraduate in the Harvard Class of 1877, was a pupil under James, who held the position of instructor in anatomy and physiology through the earlier years of Wendell's college course and of assistant professor of physiology in his senior year. In one of the letters to be printed here Wendell makes a characteristic acknowledgment of the fact that James's early lectures made a special impression upon him by reason of the lecturer's raiment. Of the counter-impression which Wendell first produced upon James there is some indication in an anecdote which the older man was fond of telling, and the pleasure he took in it tells part of the total story. This was nothing more than that on one occasion the undergraduate Wendell was called upon by the instructing James for some explication of a point under discussion in the class, and that the pupil made unexpected answer in that warbling utterance which afterward tempted so many to unsuccessful mimicries: "I must confess that I have not done the prescribed reading, but, if I might answer by the unguided light of reason, I should say," etc., etc.

That each of these friends so fully understood and valued the other was due in part to the fact that he could count upon that other's understanding anything he might say, however extravagant, however sure to bring a look of wild surmise into the stare of the more literal-minded. Each was a capital letter-writer, as the published letters of both have shown—spontaneous, unafraid of lapses from professorial dignity, yet constantly revealing the soberest thought and the warmest affection. One might infer from bits in the ensuing letters that literature, philosophy, and alcohol were of equal moment in their thoughts. At times it seemed not otherwise in their talk.

Of the letters that follow, it should be said that more than a year after the publication of "Barrett Wendell and His Letters," the younger son of the subject of that volume placed in my hands a group of his father's letters to William James which had just come to light. It seemed at once that they contained much that might be welcome in

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print—still more welcome if with them could be printed the other half of the correspondence they represented. A search for letters from William James to Barrett Wendell brought forth hardly more than half the number of the letters from Wendell to James. Though the correspondence cannot therefore be displayed in a perfectly even balance, the bulk of it is now presented, with only such words of explanation as will make it generally intelligible.

Wendell to James

[Written during the second McKinley campaign, and shortly before the publication of Wendell's "Literary History of America."]

Tavern Club, Boston
27 September, 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

Your post card from Nauheim came to me a day or two ago, in the White Mountains. I don't know when anything has brought me purer pleasure. If I had thought you would have cared a bit, I would have written you again and again. I've sent messages, through Harry, and Billy,* and whoever else. But I rather had a feeling that letters would be more of a bore than a delight.

I'm half glad you are not at home, all the same, to quarrel with me over the election, and to vote for the wrong man. Nothing surprises me more than to find myself, in public thinking, so honestly at odds with half the people I know and like. As a lot, I think, they are going to vote for McKinley, but only by way of condemning Bryan. Personally I feel a kind of enthusiasm over the recent course of our history which I never felt before. It seems to me that, as the world grows smaller, there has come an inevitable conflict between the ideals which we English-speaking races cherish and live by, and the other ideals which are foreign to ours. The old wars of England and Spain, in Elizabeth's time, were part of the story. Another part came when French and Indians tried to control our continent. Another came when Maximilian was thrust on Mexico. And in India, in South Africa, in China, in the Philippines, the story is still the same. Either we must expand—and with all our blunders expansion means the dominance of what our race believes to be right and rights—or else we must yield before something which to my thinking is baser even than our baseness. It's all very general, you see; but to me it is not a matter of trade, or of anything but what are to me the ideals best worth living for. So I vote for the President with enthusiasm, not with fear or regret. And to me Bryan seems, in all sadness, the most insincere and mendacious of all our demagogues—out Butlering Ben Butler at his worst.

I have had a very quiet, dull, wholesome summer at St. Andrews in New Brunswick. There I have got my book proof-read. I don't touch any living men; so your excellent advice must be for the moment unfruitful. . . .

With every cordial message to Mrs. James,

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

*James's older sons.

Colonial Club
4 October 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

I wonder whether you will damn me for writing you when I am half tired out. It never occurred to me to inquire the hours at which my courses were set this year; and here I am with one at noon and another at half past one. So of a Tuesday or Thursday afternoon there is a little left of my wits.

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All the same, I find Harvard pleasanter than usual to look at. The faculty, for example, looks a great deal more attractive than I had remembered it. We had our first meeting on Tuesday, which was neither profitable nor amusing. Eliot wasn't there, Smith* presiding, and did business more summarily than usual. What struck me, after three months of Canada, was that as a lot, the men looked more like somebody than I had remembered. . . .

The most impressive being I have seen as yet is your Billy, who threatens, I believe, to take a course with me. He has grown as handsome as he is big, and has matured astonishingly in address, till one does not stop to think, in talking with him, that he isn't of one's own generation. I hate to think of him wasting time in English composition—on which I have wasted above twenty years. I ought to be an awful warning to anybody. But it will be pleasant to see him, if he keeps on.

They are building fences and things —Henry Higginson's "Union," and an architectural building opposite A. Agassiz's house. There is a heavy new gate next Dane Hall and a lighter between Stoughton and Holworthy. One doesn't quite know the place, which suddenly seems ever so much more monumental than it used to be.

Meanwhile there are floods of freshmen, who look clean and wholesome; and there are a lot of graduate students, who look neither. And, for my part, as you see, I am so stupid that to write another line would be fatuous. I won't yield again to friendly temptation until I'm more amusing.

Always sincerely
BARRETT WENDELL

*Clement L. Smith, Professor of Latin and Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

Boston
25 October 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

I ought, at this blessed minute, to be writing a short review of the life of Mr. Parkman, which one Farnham has lately written.* An uncommonly good portrait it is, by the way, rather odd in plan and manner, but alive throughout with the real man. Well, as usual, "the moment a thing presents itself in the light of a duty I haven't the heart to do it" which W. Everett ascribes to my overindulgence in tobacco. So I take to pleasure instead.

The evening is more peaceful than the last, which finished the inauguration of Pritchett, the new president of the Institute of Technology. He has taken a house just across the way, past which, decently early, some thousand students marched in torchlight procession. They uttered loud cries of welcome, which, to my hearing, resolved themselves into the inspiring words "Yell! Yell! Tech is Hell!" But perhaps I heard with Harvard ears. Somehow, we are more civilized in prejudice out there than is quite wholesome on this side of the Atlantic.

My proof, as I write, lies in an ugly pile on my desk. The last sheets of the index got off my hands on Saturday. The book [the "Literary History of America"] is characteristic—a bewildering confusion of superficiality and insight, which somehow neutralize each other until nobody is pleased. I shall give myself the pleasure of sending you a copy. Don't feel bound to read it. In sentiment it is Tory, pro-slavery, and imperialistic; all of which I fear I am myself. I love the memory of Cotton Mather; and should be happier in a world that hadn't been graced by Chan-

*"A Life of Francis Parkman," by Charles Haight Farnham, Boston, 1900.

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ning or Emerson or ——. But I've really tried to give everybody his due. God willing, I won't read a line of the reviewers, if they deign to touch it. Such scribblings are of no earthly value. Either they infatuate or they madden. In either case one is wiser, and happier, with a novel and a cigar.

At Harvard, peace reigns. Eliot, they tell me, is to take a winter off. Wherefore the faculty is to be a whole year at peace. You see how tired I am, after all. A page or so ago I shamelessly altered *ear* to *hearing* in order not to violate my simplest rhetorical precepts. And there are two *peaces* in four lines. Well, the word is one I love. I always end my books with it.*

My wife joins me in every cordial message to Mrs. James. If you write to your brother Henry, send a greeting from me.

Always yrs.
BARRETT WENDELL

Boston
26 November 1900.

DEAR JAMES:

My great, big, fat book has seen the light at last; and I have asked the London publisher to send you a copy. Don't feel bound to read it; but accept it as an assurance of the regard which began when your admirable lectures on physical evolution were enforced in my under-graduate mind by the fact that, alone among my instructors, you respected the laws of tailoring. After all, I sometimes think, the most powerful minds reveal themselves in the trivialities of outward aspect. Quite between ourselves, don't you believe that the divine robes of our Lord were worn with a certain grace not to be perceived among the plebeian persons of his apostolic following?

Why I write nonsensically tonight, heaven alone knows. It is partly, I suppose, that wonderful sense of freedom from gravidity which comes when you hold your book at last in your hand, and stare in the strange individual face which has somehow formed its features inside your skull. And partly it is the comfort which the stock-list brings me, now that all your revolutionary wishes haven't been realized. There is tragedy in it all the same. Bloated bondholder that I am, I can't decide what gilt-edge packet to sell; and before long some of your friends will be raising the devil again, and my small fortune on paper will begin to wilt.

Something should be done to ——. He professes such devotion to duty that he can't trust himself to enjoy the delights of a Xtian dinner party. But for that matter, New England, in its decline grows pagan. Mrs. Howe's last comment on Boston girls stands next, in my esteem to the glory of the coming Lord. "So far as I can see," she said, "the only thing which they still regard in the light of an indecorum is marriage."

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

Cambridge, 30 January 1901.

DEAR JAMES:

. . . Well, as to my book you may be right; only the spiritual death it exhales is not mine. It is that of old New England, which believed it needed salvation, and strove therefore as best it could. And then came the saintly drummers . . . asserting the need of salvation to be a night-mare. So New England rubbed its eyes, and strove for salvation no more. And, as the years pass we can begin to see that whatever brought it near the eternities was the old spiritual aspiration thus finally, fatally relaxed. In all seriousness, I am

*Reference to Wendell's earlier books confirms this statement. He did not continue the practice.

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William James.

Famous psychologist and expounder of pragmatic philosophy. From a pencil drawing by himself, about 1866.

After the publication of his book "Varieties of Religious Experience" Wendell addresses him as "God's closest intimate with whom I can pretend intimacy." James taught at Harvard from 1872 until 1907 and of him Wendell says: "Alone among my instructors, you respected the laws of tailoring."

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more Calvinist every year—except in the points where Calvinism quarrels with Rome. Spiritual matters are so elusive anyway that we must always name them in almost mystic symbols. The truth is not within the scope of language. Once named and symbolized they grow inertly identical, no doubt, with symbols and names. But the symbols and names which, amid all the superstitions and errors persist through the ages have in them a kind of vitality ineffably larger than that of our little individual gropings for prophetic insight. And, in fine, if by chance there be such a thing as salvation, I honestly believe myself damned—and with me . ., and all the rest. I escape Calvinism only by dogmatic denial of individual immortality. I like to dream of sinking, at last, into some fathomless ocean of immortal unconsciousness—dissolved in the vastnesses which make no distinction between Mary and Cleopatra, Nero and Paul, you and me and the Un-Reverend —— —— ——.

So all the reformers, who would substitute the cleansing of the flesh for that of the spirit seem to me baser, meaner things than the elder folk whose aspiration never concerned itself with time or space.

All goes well here—in Eliot's absence, who seems to be enjoying Bermuda. I was sorry to hear from Hodgson of Myers' death. Myers had the friendliness to write me, three years ago, a line of congratulation on my professorship, which I shan't forget. It came so unexpectedly—so cordially. . . .

Always yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

[The book to which Wendell refers below is James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," published in 1902.]

New Castle 22 August 1902.

DEAR JAMES:

When your book came, I did not know you had come home; and so was at a loss where to address you. Then, when I had read it, I wanted to write so much about it that I have been waiting for the moment—which never comes—when I could send you a letter worth having.

The book is divinely shameless. God himself couldn't discuss his manifestations with more glorious freedom from self-consciousness, or more serene disregard of what trivialities present themselves to mere humanity as values. There are lots of things I argue with; and lots I don't; not a chapter I shouldn't like to talk about. But, in fact, I am too utterly tired out, with some unutterably dull lectures I am making for Cambridge, to talk or to write about anything.

So, after all this delay, I just send this word of thanks for the friendly thought which has brought me such sincere pleasure. . . .

On the 17th we sail for England. Where we shall pass the winter, God knows. As his closest intimate with whom I can pretend intimacy, perhaps you can tell me. If so, I shall be grateful for the word.

Your Varsity captain, I hope, will have such luck as attended mine last year.* No end of regard to him and to Mrs. James.

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

James to Wendell

[Wendell had recently been appointed Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was about to deliver

*Alluding to William James, Jr., captain of the Harvard crew, and Barrett Wendell, Jr., captain of the Harvard nine.

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there the substance of his book, "The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature."]

Chocorua, N. H.
Aug. 24, 1902

DEAR WENDELL,

Thank you for your letter and for having read my book, which seems to add fuel to the fire which burns in the hearts of God's enemies as well as to that which burns in those of his friends. Your epithets I confess to be slightly obscure,—is it that the "divine shamelessness" which you say I exhibit refers to the two "cases" at the end of the Chapter on healthy mindedness, the which possibly you may have taken (as others have) to be confessions of my *own*? Heaven forfend! I am having the possibility of such an interpretation removed in a second edition! I meant to, but didn't, write to congratulate you on your appointment at Cambridge—just the man to form the entering wedge of our all-conquering culture (!)—and I [am] right glad to hear it. But it must be a heavy strain to plump right into that complication. *I* went to pieces on the sociability in England, and am resuscitating here on the bare ground. Cambridge is very nice, what I've seen of it, but Frederick Myers, the only man there whom I knew well, and who would have immensely got along well with you, is gone.

Good luck to you, and best regards from both to each.

Always yours truly,
WM JAMES

Wendell to James

Boston, 22 September, 1902.

DEAR JAMES:

Except for a physical collapse, which has delayed my sailing till Wednesday, I should have answered you long ago. I had no idea that you were in any sense a confessor. What I meant was that God, so far as I am aware, finds himself in a position which permits him any utterances imaginable without the shameful and inhibitory consciousness of self characteristic of fallen man. And to one so deeply fallen as I—the last of the Calvinists who wouldn't expect a maker that didn't damn us—your glorious freedom from any inhibitory impulse seems admirably illustrative of what that same God had in mind when he started to make man in his image and hadn't made a botch of it. Your intellect works like what I dream of Eden. As for me, my carriage, mental and physical, sorrowfully reminds me of Adam's. And so, I spitefully call God—and you—shameless. In which blessed company I leave you, on Wednesday, for a year.

We shall be in England till December, and back there in May. Between whiles I know not whither we may wander. I hear the East a-calling; and may get as far as Egypt or Palestine. All I am sure of is that my bankers are Brown, Shipley and Co. as you will duly discover when Bert Williams gets out his college directory. And, to contradict myself at once, I am equally sure that if lines stray to me thither from you—or post cards or whatever else—they will be most welcome.

Every cordial message to Mrs. James.

Sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

In the winter of 1904–1905, when Wendell was in Paris, delivering the first course of Harvard exchange lectures at the Sorbonne on the James

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Hazen Hyde Foundation, a number of letters passed between the two friends. At this time President Eliot offered James the same opportunity in France for the next year. As it came to pass, Santayana was Wendell's immediate successor, and James never undertook the task. But when it was first under consideration he had many questions to ask of Wendell, and Wendell answered them all with care; yet it would be superfluous here to print more than a few bits from the letters of Wendell's French winter.

By way of postscript to James's first letter of inquiry appears the warning: "Beware of the enemy, *your* enemy, alcohol, of course." In Wendell's illuminating reply (December 11, 1904) besides remarking, "I never scribbled you half so seriously before; but then you never asked me to," he wrote: "Now I have really blazed the way. A better man should follow. Of all the men I know, you seem to me the best." To this James replies on Christmas Day, in a letter beginning: "Your long and highly instructive and satisfactory letter arrived as a beneficent Christmas gift this A.M. I like you in a serious vein even better than in your more airy flights of immorality. In fact you are good all through." To complete the Christmas correspondence, here is the playboy Wendell in his own vein of mock seriousness.

Wendell to James

16 Avenue Kléber Paris 26 December 1904.

DEAR JAMES:

I don't know about it, after all. The morals of the French deserve consideration; and the effect of you thereon has just had startling manifestation.

One S—— was found dead—a deputy who lately slapped the Minister of War in the face, during an animated discussion in the Chamber. Cries of masonic assassination ensue—he evidently died from asphyxiation, induced by coal gas from an imitation log in his chimney. To avert this calumny, his widow and her daughter and the daughter's husband—who came in for a lot of life insurance money—make public, with unmentionable details, the assertion that S—— was given to unspeakable attempts at misconduct with his stepdaughter. A considerable party of reputable people now believe that the estimable trio murdered him, for the insurance; and invented the calumnies on his memory to induce belief in his suicide. Obviously, if this be the case, the son-in-law—the cleverest of the three—invented the naughty lie. And his occupation, up to this moment, shows where he got his satanic impulse. He is preparing an elaborate thesis, for the Sorbonne, on the Life and Works of William James. Clearly this is the true source of all the ensuing mendacity and lubricity. One shudders to think of what may ensue throughout France if so diabolical an influence as is here manifest should become widely popular, on the public platform.

Bourget gave me these particulars a day or two ago. He is sadly detained in Paris by the fatal illness of his wife's mother, slowly dying of a paralysis.

But, in all seriousness, I hope more and more that you will surely come. Nothing would do more good to the cause—of national understanding—which I am working hard for. You would stimulatingly enjoy your intellectual reception. And as to going out—and the like—the matter would be wholly in your own hands.

Except that I am drinking more

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heavily than ever, all goes well. Cordial greetings to you all, from both of us.

Always yrs.
B. W.

Passages from two more letters from James in the first half of 1905 are as follows:

James to Wendell

Cambridge, Feb. 8, '05.

DEAR WENDELL,

I have been silent under your letters, both the ironical ones and the serious ones, because I have been waiting, from day to day, till my own prospects should straighten out. I can now say that everything looks like booking me as your successor (you the Baptist! I the Messiah!!) not for *next* year, but for 1906–7. I suppose that Santayana has already been taking counsel with you for next year. I think that he will be an admirable man—the only drawback I can see is that if I succeed him, it will make two philosophers running, and the good Parisians will think that all America is still in Comte's "metaphysical stage" of thought. . . .

I hope that *your* work still goes bravely on. I don't see how you can run all that social racket (especially with your alcoholic habits) without breaking down eventually with fatigue, and I should think that the provincial ½ of the job would on the whole be the most severe.

But I won't write anything more on this purely speculative basis, for there is a chance of my seeing you before you return. I have taken passage for Naples, sailing hence on March 11th, meaning possibly to stop over a week or two in Spain, and to proceed straight from Naples to Greece. . . .

Yours ever truly
WM JAMES.

Hôtel du Parc
Cannes. A.M.
May 9, 1905.

CHER ET ILLUSTRE MAÎTRE ET CONFRÈRE,

J'ai voulu attendre, avant de vous écrire, le moment où je sentirais enfin sous mes pieds le sol de ce bon pays de France qui est votre seconde patrie—ce moment, depuis 24 heures est arrivé—but permit me to drop into English, the other thing is too *sustained*. I got your highly satisfactory letter from Geneva, of March 12th, at Gibraltar, and have imaginatively followed your fortunes ever since. What staggers me is your ability to stand the racket. *Social* business is what bowls me over quicker than anything, especially with foreigners, and you must both have had enough of it to run two ordinary "courts" in addition to your lectures. Not content to take your own conceited impressions, I have lately asked several French professors about the success of your lectures. None of them had attended them, but all seemed to have had reports of them, and spoke of them as an unqualified success. I met these men at Athens, where there was a "congress" of archæologists with which my visit coincided, and at Rome where there was one of Psychologists in which I myself took part. I had hoped, dear Wendell, to be able, after opening communication, to rejoin you at one or other of these "faculties," and see the sort of thing for myself, and I find that our respective dates and places make it possible, to my great joy, to see you at Dijon (owing to a too hasty calculation I had at first supposed I could not do the job, and began to write accordingly), about the eve of your leaving that place. It will throw light on the desirability of my own acceptance for 1906–7 of so arduous a job. I hope that your *tone*

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keeps up, and Mrs. Wendell's also. What you write of the boy in Geneva is first-rate. It did my Billy good also.

I have been at Athens hobnobbing with that gifted fish ——, and comparing the Parthenon with the "New Lecture Hall" in Kirkland Street, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter. Also in Naples, Rome, Siena, Orvieto, etc., getting the usual impressions very keenly but also getting fatigued, so that it is a sweet boon to be in this fine and empty hotel for a week of quiet philosophizing with my dear friend Charles Strong who is kept abroad by his wife's illness. No sights necessary to be seen—Gottlob! . . .

Warm regards to you both,

WM JAMES

[Wendell's book—generally counted his best—"France of Today," made up of Lowell Institute lectures based upon his observations in France, appeared in 1907. James's "Pragmatism" had appeared earlier in the same year.]

95 Irving St.
Nov. 8, 1907

CHER MAÎTRE ET CONFRÈRE, (ALSO DEAR WENDELL)

I have just read every word of your book of France, and must send you my "meed of praise." Not since Hillebrand's Frankreich und die Franzosen have I met with anything as good in the line of international psychology. Your interest has been in the deeper factors of difference, and you have brought them out in a masterly manner. Join the delightful broad *causerie* style, and the extraordinarily genial and sympathetic temper, and I should think that Frenchmen themselves would have to agree that it is not only a good book but a good action. It will certainly make for international good will and understanding, and work *both* ways. The last chapter gave me a new idea of the temper of our own republic—true too!

I hope it will have a great success in both countries. It's *great* that you could work off your Gallic intoxication so promptly, and to such effect. They must send you to Berlin next!

Yours affectionately

WM. JAMES

Wendell to James

358 Marlborough Street
19 November 1907.

DEAR JAMES:

The pure delight your letters bring me is dimmed by sense of how carelessly I must have seemed to neglect you all these months. When Pragmatism came to me, a night-mare of a summer was beginning. My dear old Aunt Sarah Barrett, who has no other of her kin near by, had a stroke of paralysis, which seemed final. She lingered, day by day; and I had—gladly, too, for she has been perhaps the most constantly delightful of all of my kin since I was a baby—to be with her every day. After weeks, she began, most deplorably, to recover a bed-ridden existence. Incidentally, there were money perplexities—a new thing for me in just this aspect. It goes on still. She is really better, to survive indefinitely. I do not have to see her constantly, though I am there as often as possible. From May to October, however, I hardly missed a day.

And it was all I could do. Letters, work, reading, everything went by the board. And so the weeks passed into months, without a word to you; until, for very shame, I didn't write.

The greatest pleasure your book has constantly brought me, for it has lain close at hand through it all, came from

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the ever-present assurance that you had cared to send it. The book itself, meanwhile, grows more surely memorable. I cannot quite adjust my thoughts, even yet, to all the terms of it. I am sure, however, that it comes nearer the philosophy toward which I have blundered through my fifty years than I should at first have thought it could. That what we call truth is itself conditioned by the imperfections of our wits and our language is as plain as that the earth turns. That we live and die in terms of surmise is another little truth, not to be gainsaid. That we need not think in these lesser terms is clear. That the terms in which we think, at our wisest, are as far this side perfection soon comes to follow. Finality is nowhere within human ken. That we can always pass some way further on the road thither is what makes life at once most despairing and most inspiring.

Faint, old as all this may seem, it will perhaps tell you better than any effort to be more precise what the vistas are where I have strayed with you, or from you, during the months of silence. In temperament, I am more and more the Tory I was born. It is a good world, this, and a very evil at the same time. Progress takes us into new regions of both sorts. We who would rather linger cherish the old good—secure that, ill as things go, they might go worse. You who press on have more confident hope, not completely sustained, I personally think, by the noble, tragic history of human aspiration. But, at heart, we are more at one than the careless moments sometimes make us fancy. For what we both yearn for most is that the truth we leave behind us shall help the time to come more towards righteousness than it has been our own passing lot to diffuse.

It was pleasant to see Billy the other day. Every hearty message to him, and to you all.

Always sincerely yours,
BARRETT WENDELL

[Wendell contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1909, an article on James's older friend and neighbor, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts at Harvard.]

95 Irving St.
Cambridge, Dec. 30, '08.

DEAR WENDELL,

Loud and continued applause for your article on C. E. N., which I thank you for sending me, inasmuch as I don't take *The Atlantic*. What a precious gift is ardor of imagination, especially when coupled with human sympathy and discerning expression. Henceforth it shall be not so much Norton as Norton plus what his neighbors made of him—a precious stroke in the series of strokes with which the paint-brush of time is layer by layer painting the history of our community. The best thing in the character of C. E. N. was his power of appreciating merit, and his eagerness to help other and younger men who had it, to get it into play. He seems to have had a finger in almost every good thing that was enacted in our time.

But what I admire is your power of keeping the *heat* in you thru all that article!

My respects to Mrs. Wendell, and a happy New Year to you both.

Yours as ever,
WM. JAMES

How jolly is Shaler's autobiography and how lucky that in his last years he should have turned to that kind of writing.

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It is a happy circumstance that in this last of the letters here assembled James should have called both Norton and Shaler to mind. In the generation next older than James and Wendell these two were among the most notable humanists of their time—scholars after the less highly specialized fashion of the day, stimulating teachers, the more effective for bringing into their academic work the flavor of men of the larger world. Already they have become traditional figures, for Norton died as long ago as 1908, two years after the death of Shaler. James, only a year younger than Shaler, followed them in 1910, and Wendell, who retired from teaching in 1917, died in 1921. James and Wendell, *mutatis mutandis,* have come to occupy in the minds of many Americans well within the boundaries of middle age some such place as that of Norton and Shaler. Humanists in our own foremost files of time may well take heart that the great tradition which these four teachers brought from the nineteenth into the twentieth century was carried so far as to make its continuance at once a challenge and an attainable goal.

Written in Notre Dame, Montreal

By Kenneth Leslie

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and fail and die.
Dim o'er the altar-rail
The gray Lord Christ hangs high.

Pale His face; but flushing
Crimson flows the tide,
Through the ages gushing
From His wounded side.

Broken souls run calling,
Under their weight of woe
Stumbling, kneeling, falling. . . .
Cease not, crimson flow!

Broken souls kneel praying,
Casting their burdens down;
Nor flinches He the paying,
Nor minds the thornier crown.

Never the ages bringing
Sharer of His load,
Companion of His singing,
Venturer on His road!

Vainly His heart goes yearning,
Down the foot-worn aisle,
For a friend's discerning,
For a comrade's smile!

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and flare again,
To the Lord Christ dim and pale
And patient in His pain.

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The Professional Santa Claus

BY BOOTH JAMESON

All day long the professional Santa Claus had been standing in front of the main entrance of the department store, a morosely stationary figure among the rushing swarms of shoppers. About him bright colors, smart dresses, and fur coats hurried and jostled and pushed, mingling impatiently with one another as they suddenly darted forward into unexpected lanes in the crowd and as suddenly came to a stop when an unforeseen obstacle blocked their paths. The sidewalk was a place of surges and eddies and halts, for to-morrow was Christmas and many people had awakened groaning to think of presents yet unbought. The scene was gay: bobbing little red hats, briskly twinkling shoe-buckles, beribboned packages clutched in gloved hands, and alert, shining faces made it seem lively and sparkling with happiness. Yet individually the shoppers looked determinedly joyful: it was as though they had forgotten the reason and remembered only the necessity for looking happy. So busy were they with the details of buying presents for others that their expressions were but fixed and mechanical indications of Christmas merriment.

It was with this idea in his mind that the Santa Claus addressed the harried doorman during a lull in his duties.

"Hell!" said merry Saint Nicholas, stamping his cold feet. "Seems like everybody's making an awful fuss over trying to look glad!"

"That's right, George," the doorman said absently. But after a time he became generous, calculating that his offer would cost him nothing.

"That's right," he said again. "Say, if you want to make a little money on the side, I've got more'n I can do, and you can keep all the tips you get for helping customers to their cars."

"I ain't supposed to," George said reluctantly. "The boss told me just to stand here and smile at all these here dam' dressed-up little boys and little girls with their noses in the air. 'Look jolly and hearty,' Mr. Green says to me. 'Remember you're acting the part of old Kriss Kringle!' "

"Green ain't never goin' to see you," the doorman urged him. "He's too busy in the office, and this is your last day on the job anyhow. But of course if it's worth more to you to stand around and look sore at everybody——"

Abruptly he hurried to the assistance of an elderly woman, for whom a large town-car drew up to the curb.

"Merry Christmas, madam!" Smartly touching his cap, he made the gesture of being about to close the door.

"Wait a minute," she said pleasantly. "Here! Merry Christmas!"

With pathetic envy the Santa Claus looked at the bill in the doorman's hand; George was convinced.

"Tell me how to do it," he said.

"You just watch *me*," the doorman answered. "You do the way *I* do and you'll get on fine." With a slight feeling of satisfaction he looked down at his

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own trim uniform, and then he glanced at his companion.

A week ago George Haskell had come forth from the store to take a place on the sidewalk. With a conscious swagger he had strolled up and down, and because of a pillow stuffed in the top of his trousers he had pleasantly imagined his manner of walking to be a perfect rendition of the confident, rolling waddle of a jolly fat man. Never had a suit of clothes seemed so thoroughly red as this one, or so well set off by white cotton trimming; and, with his jaunty, tasselled cap drawn halfway over his ears, he had been fascinated by his reflection in the plate-glass windows. There his face beamed out at him—a jovial, red face with a halo of whiskers so white, so venerable, so friendly, and so inspiring that it was easy to think of himself as the incarnate spirit of Christmas Cheer. Even the gleam of his patent-leather boots brought him pleasure. It mattered not that the boots were of imitation leather, that the handsome red coat and its fur trimming were both made of cotton, or that his noble beard had once been attached to the back of a woolly sheep.

But now the cotton trimming clung to the red coat only in spots, and it was white no longer. Flakes of soot and soft-coal smoke had changed the trimming and the noble white beard to a sandy grayness. The jaunty cap was dingy and rumpled, and gone was the lustrous sheen of the boots. It did not please him to retain even the expression of hearty Saint Nicholas; blue with the cold, his face was creased into what might have been mistaken for a smile, and his pale eyes sent forth a melancholy glare of dissatisfaction. The faded red Santa Claus suit had become an abomination, a thing of utter distaste. His feeling about it was perhaps similar to that of an actor who believes that he has been sent on the stage in an intentionally shabby costume, and that the manager, as well as the audience, is joyfully making fun of him.

As the afternoon sun dimly withdrew from its winter position far down in the smoke of the city, George, with a determined smile, said "Merry Christmas," helped shoppers into taxis, and picked up bundles that slipped from the tired and nervous fingers of their owners; he even fondly patted children on the head. So, by the time the downtown street lights shone in vaguely luminous circles through the winter mist, he was the possessor of a sum of money that gave him a strange sense of power. Unexpectedly it had come to him, and in its unexpectedness there was beauty; it was something his wife couldn't possibly know about.

The department store in front of which he stood was important, and as a gesture of importance its superintendent had insisted that it close at six o'clock every evening during Christmas week—"to show 'em we aren't in the ten-cent-store class," as he expressed it. "We won't lose any sales by it, either!" As a consequence, the soured and weary Santa Claus and the doorman were able to retire to the employees' locker-room shortly after six to change into their unprofessional clothes.

"How much did you make, George?" the doorman asked.

"Nine dollars and eighty cents," George replied with unaccustomed vigor. "Yes, sir! Nine dollars and eighty cents!" And he added, with a defiance perfectly understood by the doorman not to be directed at himself but at George's wife: "I'm not going to put it in no bank, neither!"

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Carefully he wadded the few dollar bills about the many silver coins. "No jingle-bells for me," he explained. "This money is going to lay quiet until *I* think it's needed."

"What's the matter with you?" Jimmy asked as he turned from the mirror. "You seem to be afraid of losing a couple of tips. Nobody's going to bother you to-day about a little pocket-money; not even your wife. To-day the world's just full of loving-kindness and tender mercifulness and good-will——"

"Yah!" said George rudely. "Don't try to be funny with *me*. What if it is Christmas Eve? What about it? I can't help it, can I?" Haggardly he looked at the discarded costume on the floor. "If I had to go through another day in this bum vaudeville outfit, I'd be crazy! I'm tired of being a free sideshow and saying to all those stuck-up little children: 'Well, dearie, have you been a good girl? If you have, just look in your stocking to-morrow morning!' "

Jimmy laughed. "This rush has got all of us pretty well worn out. But cheer up a little; you're through work now." Then he repeated a stock catch phrase which was supposed to be humorously optimistic: "Cheer up, George; everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!"

"*Yes,* everything's fine!" George answered. "And it's all right to make a joke about babies, but you *would* laugh if you'd had to kiss as many of 'em as I've had to; I got a little girl myself, but it kind of makes me sick. Half the women that come by the store with babies hold 'em up and say, 'Oh, see the Santa Claus! Just *see* the *pitty* Santa Claus!' they say. And then the kid starts bawling and won't shut up until I kiss it and leave it nearly pull my false whiskers off! I wish I had a job like yours."

"Well, I've had plenty to do; I've got a right to be as tired as anybody. No matter what happens, the customers always tell me about it. If the elevator's slow, or if the salesgirls get fresh, or the floor-walker shows 'em to the wrong aisle, they get mad about it all right; but they don't *say* anything until they get outside, and then *I* got to listen to it all. I *am* tired!"

"Sure, but what are you going to *do* about it? Just talking won't——"

"Listen, George," the doorman said. "What do you say we go somewhere to-night after supper? I know a place where we might be able to get over this tired feeling. Of course if you're not sure you can make it, and maybe you'd rather stay home——"

"You *bet* I can make it!" George interrupted fiercely. "I'll meet you at the drug-store on the corner at eight o'clock. I'll *be* there! Maybe I'll have a broken leg from having to jump out of the window, but I'll *be* there!"

Later, as he walked homeward through the crowds, he repeated this over and over to himself, evidently with the intention of giving his decision an unshakable foundation. "I'll be there if it takes a leg! I'll *be* there! Yes, sir! If it takes a leg!" After that he whispered hoarsely to himself: "Everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!"

When he entered his four-room flat he counted strongly upon his air of aggressiveness. The impression he intended to convey was that of a man among men, returning to his dwelling-place for a quiet meal before sallying out once more among his equals. His wife met him at the door.

"Well, what's been keeping you *this*

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time?" she asked. "You been gassing around with the help at the store, or did you get lost on the way home?"

"That'll do, Gertie," he said firmly. "I'm doing all I can to earn a little money, and I don't care to be snapped at by no one!"

"Too bad about you working so hard! Standing around on the street corner all day must have wore you all out!" she said. "But suppose you let *me* take care of that money. Thank the Lord I've learned enough not to trust you with a cent at this time of year!"

Silently he gave her the clean new bills he had received from the store; but the money he had made in tips remained in his pocket.

"*Now* are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Satisfied?" she said. "What with?"

He was bitter. "My soul! That's gratitude. Gratitude's what I call it! My soul!"

She lowered her voice, but it lost none of its intensity. "Do you realize, George Haskell, that I can't even afford to buy a Christmas present for my own child? Do you realize that all she's going to have to-morrow is a couple of old dolls that I fixed up myself, and that for the first time in her life she won't have even a little *Christmas-tree?*"

Stonily he let her stare at him: he had troubles of his own, he meant to imply; hers were her own property.

"Come on in here," she said, jerking at his arm. "You come on in here and eat, and quit looking as if you think you *are* somebody!"

Without vocal retort he followed her into the heavy atmosphere of the dining-room, where a sharp-faced little girl was already seated at the table. And here, as the meal proceeded, Mrs. Haskell became somewhat calmer; there were even times when she seemed almost on the point of being pleasant to her husband. But he, sunk low in his chair and looking fixedly at the handle of his knife with brooding, melancholy eyes, remained unaware of these possibilities.

When his wife left the room to bring in the coffee the little girl wiggled her finger at him teasingly.

"I know why mama's mad at you!" she said. "One reason she's mad is because you never noticed the clean curtains yesterday, after she spent all morning washing them. That's why she's mad!"

"Well, she'll get glad!" he said harshly. "*I* can't help it, can I?"

"What do you mean, 'she'll get glad'?" she asked.

"None of your business! You sit down there and shut up!"

"Why, papa!" The little girl spoke more loudly and plaintively than was warranted by the occasion. It was evident that she had hopes of being heard in the kitchen.

"You be still, if you know what's good for you," he said, and he made a gesture that could have been interpreted as threatening.

His daughter, in fact, preferred this interpretation, for she left the table and trotted importantly to her mother in the next room. "Papa told me to shut up and then he started to whip me!" he heard her say.

Almost joyously he awaited the entrance of his wife; never had he felt better equipped for argument. His wife came in, holding the coffee-pot by its towel-wrapped handle; and the little girl peeped at him from behind her with a "now-you'll-catch-it" look. He straightened up in his chair.

"*Well?*" he said, making the word a challenge. "Well, *what now,* Gertie?

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Do you mean to say you take and believe everything bad that Letty tells you about me?"

"I don't care about myself any more —if I did, I'd jump in the river. But you're not going to treat that child the way you do *me!*"

With pathos she sat, filled a cup with coffee, and passed it to him. He took it deliberately and placed it on the table near him; then slowly he began to rock himself from side to side in his chair, while his expression became that of a tormented bull about to charge. But he held his speech and allowed her to study this picture of truculence.

"Oh, I know Letitia is getting to be a tattle-tale," she said a little apprehensively. "I know more about her than you can tell me. Why can't you drink your coffee and let her alone?"

Not mollified, he however accepted his wife's suggestion. She was to understand that silence on his part did not mean peace; it indicated merely a temporary armistice which at any moment he was but too willing to break. With an exaggerated courtesy, meant to be irritating, he carefully scraped the bottom of the spoon on the rim of his cup to prevent drops of coffee from falling on the table-cloth. In a manner he believed mincingly delicate he held his little finger aloof, poised it in the air; and after every sip he patted his mouth with the napkin.

"Papa, what do you think Santa Claus will bring me?" Letitia asked suddenly.

"Santa Claus!" he said, glaring at her. He put down his cup with a bang. "You've come to the right person to find out all about *him!"*

"You be still, George!" His wife spoke with quick fury.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "I didn't say a *thing!* I only said I *could* tell her a lot about him, if I wanted to. *I* wouldn't say anything that wasn't good about dear old Santa!" Slyly he looked at her. "Why, I saw him only this afternoon. He was such a *nice* old man, too, until he took off his red coat and his long white——"

"Don't you dare say another word! That's all!" Mrs. Haskell was dangerously angry; she was defending the happy illusions of her offspring. "Don't you say another word!" she repeated. "I might have known you'd try something like this! It's the only way you have of getting back at me, and it's a mean, cowardly way, too! As if you hadn't done enough to spoil Letitia's Christmas already!"

"My *goodness!"* he shouted, thumping the table so that the dishes and silver clanged discordantly. "Do you think *I'm* goin' to wake up bright and happy to-morrow morning, when you've done nothin' but rage at me for the last week?"

Desperately he rose from the table and stood, for better drama. "Here I am, out in the terrible, bitter cold all day long," he said piteously. "Out in the bitter cold, doing what I can to keep the kettle boiling and the wolf from the door. And when I come home what do you do? First you take all my money from me, and after that you give me hell!" He put stricken hand to head. "I better get out of here before I shoot somebody!" he said huskily.

Then, with a bitter violence, he put on his hat and coat; with violence he departed, leaving the outer door open behind him. Ten years of marriage had taught him that a slammed door brings ridicule upon the one who slams it; but a door left open is an unanswerable insult to the one who remains behind.

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A little pleased with himself, he went quickly down to the street muttering: "I guess *I* showed her! Yes, sir, and I guess I'm going to keep *on* showing her! She'll find out!"

At the corner drug-store he found Jimmy waiting for him.

"Hello, George!" this true friend said cheerfully. "How's everything?"

"Everything's fine and the baby's name is Mike!" George responded. "Come on; let's get started spending money!"

Half an hour later they were comfortably established in an old-fashioned room. In fact, this room was so old-fashioned that many excellent and moral people believe that it and its kind have ceased to exist. Across one side of it ran a broad, high counter of polished wood standing out at a little distance from the wall; which wall was almost hidden by cupboards and low shelves and by large, splendid mirrors framed in opulently carved woodwork. The wall opposite supported a lithograph of a young woman nude, except for a light coating of soot; she was considering the obvious advisability of a bath in a small brook.

Red paper bells hanging from the ceiling and a small Christmas-tree at one end of the counter were meant to give the place a festive, holiday air. But, in spite of these efforts on the part of the proprietor, the room had the atmosphere of a lower place for lower people: canes and spats might have been unsafe; and attendants in soiled and rumpled white coats tapped with impatient fingers while waiting to be paid, and change was counted with severe glances at individual coins.

These circumstances had no restraining effect upon the now loquacious but still embittered George. Much of his secretly earned nine dollars and eighty cents had passed into the dingy cash-register against the wall, but in exchange no glow of good-fellowship beglamoured his face.

"I just can't seem to get feeling good," he explained to Jimmy. "You're all right, and all the other boys are all right; even the weather's all right, 'cause it doesn't matter anyway. So I don't know what it is, unless it's the time of year." He nodded with glassy-eyed solemnity. "Yes, sir; *that's* it! It's the time of year!"

His face brightened; he was coming out of the state of merely being: ideas began to creep within his mind; to him they appeared to be lightning-flashes of revelation.

"It's the time of year!" he repeated with solemn conviction. "That's it! Now if it was only *Easter,* everything would be all right. I don't expect no big department store would hire me to be an Easter *rabbit* for 'em!" he said. "Least I've never *heard* of 'em doing that!"

The doorman laughed and passed a hand through his tangled hair. His complexion was no longer pink; his head was now a fine picture of the setting sun.

"That's a good one, George!" he said. "I'd like to see you as a rabbit, hopping around and waving your ears." He turned to the man on the other side of him. "Say, listen to poor old George, will you? Just listen to him! He's tired of being Santa Claus. He wants to be a *rabbit!*"

"Well, why not?" George demanded. "A rabbit's nice and gentle; it don't bite nobody; and it's as clean and pure a little animal as you could want. But now you take and think about a Santa Claus—great, big fat thing! He's al-

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ways dirty from getting in and out of chimneys. And eat! Why, he'd eat you out of house and home in *no* time, a great, big, dirty fat thing like——"

"But, George!" his friend broke in. "Seems to me I've heard that rabbits eat a lot, too. Seems to me——"

"Don't you believe a word of it!" George said sharply. "All a nice little rabbit needs to eat is a lily. Every two or three days give him a lily. That's why you see so many lilies at Easter!" He was elated by the ease with which this sudden thought had come to him. *"That's why!* It's because they're the Easter rabbit's favorite food!"

He amplified the idea; he became hoarse in the support of the virtues of a rabbit in preference to those of a Santa Claus, and his vehemence burned to a fiery indignation with all men who refused to accept his dogma that the rabbit is "the most beautiful of all God's sweet creatures."

"By gracious!" he said. "I'll *show* you! I passed one of 'em in a store window a block up the street, and I'm going to *get* him! After you see *him* nobody better say 'Merry Christmas, Santa Claus' to *me!"*

The little shop was still open, and its owner was hopeful of disposing of all of his stock of toy rabbits when George beamed upon them delightedly.

"No; I jest want only one," he said. "Hand me that big brown cottontail in the window. There! Move those dam' Santa Clauses out of the way and you can reach it."

The rabbit had a rubber tube attached to its flank, and at the end of the tube was a bulb which, when pressed, produced in the animal a leaping motion. When this phenomenon of compressed-air mechanism had been explained to him George departed.

"Squeeze the bulb easy and he jumps; squeeze it hard and he busts. I see," he said. "Good night, and t'hell with ole Kriss Kringle and 'Merry Christmas!' "

Returning to his companions, he took his place at the end of the bar where the small Christmas-tree stood.

"Don't scare him, boys," he warned them. "Just let him sit under this here little tree until he gets used to the place."

"Will he bite?" Jimmy asked humorously. "What you goin' to name him?"

"His name is *Mike;* of course," George answered. "But you keep away from him with that whiskey-glass! This rabbit's got to be kept free from the vices of humanisty," he said, with a large and decisive gesture. "Yes, sir! Free from the vices of humanisty!"

He looked about him to make sure of his audience, and continued confidentially: "I expect it would be kind of a good idea to keep him under this tree all the time, so's he'll have some place to go when he gets tired. I expect he thinks it's kind of a home for him, the poor little thing!"

The ex-Santa Claus was bitter no longer. Talkative, but not loud, he lectured to the bystanders upon life in the animal world; he had become happy at last. The festive, red paper bells failed to remind him of anything unpleasant, and the Christmas-tree was now only a shelter for his inanimate but lively pet. George was happy because he had forgotten the time of year.

It was after midnight when he arrived home. With no thought of caution he opened the door of his flat and went in, bearing the little tree in one hand and with the other tenderly holding to his chest the rabbit, wondrously still un-

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broken. Swaying a little, he crossed the room and placed the tree on the table; carefully he bent down its lower branches, and in this pleasant bower he placed the rabbit. Then he noticed his wife, standing in the bedroom doorway behind him.

"Hello, Ger-*trude!*" he said affably. "Everything is fine and the rabbit's name is Mike!"

"I *thought* you'd probably come home drunk!" she said with quiet pessimism. "I don't know where you got the money; but you couldn't have got much, or you wouldn't 'a' come home at all! You're a *fine* husband!"

"That's right, Ger-*trude!* I *am* a fine husband. You send me out mad, and I come home glad! I got to get glad somehow, don't I?"

"Well, I suppose you do." She smiled wearily. "I knew what you were going to do to-night," she said. "But I waited up anyhow to tell you I'm sorry for some of the things I've been saying to you."

"'S all right!" he said magnanimously, as he went toward the bedroom. "G'night, Gertie!"

Slowly she walked over to the table and looked at the rabbit at rest within the tree. At the other end of the table were two dolls, somewhat battered of face, but resplendent in fluffy new dresses.

"Oh, good night, George!" she called softly. "Good night, and Merry Christmas!"

It was perhaps fortunate that he was out of hearing.

Bondage

By Peggy Pond Church

I am held back from flight by such small things:
A flannel shirt unfolded on a chair
Needs a patch badly. Who am I to care
Who have been born for flight and sky-spread wings?
And yet I'll stay and mend it; run new strings
Into the baby's bib; and shine the pair
Of copper candlesticks, and while I'm there
Rub up the kettle till it almost sings.
As long as there are plates to wash and dry,
Or towels to hem, or bowls for mixing cake
Or cookies, or a petticoat to make,
I'll have to stay. I cannot run away.
And so I'll sing and mend a toy and sigh
And make-believe I'll go another day!

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The Dominie Balances His Ledger

A well-known minister takes stock of his pastorate. So personal and intimate is his stock-taking that he remains anonymous.

It is very late of a Sunday night. Several hours ago I pronounced my final benediction as minister of the church which I have served for many happy years. During the coming week there will be no sermons to prepare, no round of pastoral calls to make, no insistent telephone bell interrupting my meals. For the first time—so it seems to me now—since I graduated from the theological seminary I am going to be able to think quietly and consecutively.

I came to my church an enthusiastic idealist fresh from halls of academic learning. I am leaving it—whatever I am to-night. The years between have been so crowded with the multitudinous activities of the modern pastorate that they have allowed no opportunity to evaluate my successes and my failures. But now, midway upon the journey of my life, there has come a little breathing-spell for my spirit, of which I expect to take full advantage.

That other church which seems beckoning me, that professorship which once would have so tempted me, that new book which my publisher is urging me to write—let them wait a while! For some time to come I shall postpone all unnecessary decisions, so that I may have leisure to think unhurriedly about my chosen calling. I intend to ponder whence I came and whither I am going. *Cui bono?* shall be the text of each of the sermons which I plan now to preach to my own self.

For a beginning, in the stillness of these first midnight hours of my new freedom, I am going to think back over the years of my ministry, and set down exactly what assets I can carry with me into the years that lie next ahead.

On the whole, life has treated me better than I deserve. The church of which I have been pastor boasts of one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifices in the country, and the congregation is widely known for its wealth, its intellectual and social culture, and its effective altruism. I thoroughly enjoy preaching, and people are generous enough to say that my sermons are above the average in quality—quite a number of them have been published. In various ways I have been honored by my denomination; my books have been kindly dealt with by the reviewers; my biography appears in publications of the "Who's Who" type, and I understand that my anticipatory obituary is filed in the "morgues" of metropolitan newspapers.

I have been very happy in my home. Everybody agrees that my wife is an ideal helpmate for a minister, and our children, who have been able to enjoy unusual social and educational advantages, are an ever-increasing comfort to us. Our beloved family physician, who used to threaten me with a premature demise if I did not stop working so hard, was himself buried several years ago, but my own *joie de vivre* is still so exuberant that my daughter sometimes

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intimates that a little more dignity might not be amiss in one of my exalted station.

There are two reasons why I am discussing myself with such reckless *naïveté*. In the first place, I do not intend to sign what I am writing. The other and deeper reason is because, just before I pronounced my last benediction in the church which is not any more to be "my" church, I saw one of our high-school football-team trying to wipe his eyes without anybody noticing it. I am certain that he has no idea of the flattering statements that were made about my scholarship when I was presented for an honorary degree last June; but, somehow or other, my gorgeous new academic hood does not mean nearly so much to me to-night as does the memory of the crumpled handkerchief in the hand of that youthful athlete.

Indeed, I find that I view in quite a different perspective nearly all of the ambitions that were mine when I entered the ministry. Most of the aims that I set before myself, I have attained. Some of them have proved not to be worth the striving after.

For a minister, my salary has been large; but I have not been able to save any of it. I know positively that it is in me to preach, and to preach well; but I also realize that, like nearly every other pastor, I have been so busied with scattering duties that I have seldom preached as well as I can. When I was first called "Doctor," it thrilled me; now I wish that more people would use my first name. I looked forward eagerly to the time when I should be known as the author of a book; now I revel in the impersonality of literary anonymity. It used to make me very proud to know that among my congregation were men of national reputation, and I still cherish the friendship of these men; but I find a deeper sense of accomplishment in the memory that our letter-carrier finally accepted me as his pastor and the garage man got in the habit of consulting me about his family problems.

I have been happy. I think that I have been measurably successful. Yet, to-night, I do not find in the comfortable scale of living which my family has enjoyed, or in the academic and ecclesiastical honors which I have received, or in my adventures in literature, or even—for I am going to be downright honest with myself though the heavens fall—in the preaching which I so love, any liquid assets on which I could quickly realize in a spiritual emergency. Their satisfactions have been ephemeral. They have been gained and spent, or, if kept, their value has depreciated with the passage of time. If these are all that I have gotten me for my arduous labors, then, indeed, I have been lamentably underpaid.

Now that I have cleared my mental ledger by boldly writing off, as at best inactive accounts and at worst either liabilities or losses, some of life's investments which in anticipation promised the largest returns, I recall a conversation that I had the other day with the president of my board of trustees. I had been telling him about the touching gratitude of a certain person whom I had been able to help out of an unusually perplexing tangle. When I finished the story, I added: "You know, if something like that happens only once in a great while, it makes up for a lot of the bumps that we dominies have to take."

"Indeed, it ought to," he answered. "If such a thing happened to *me* just

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once in all my life, I would feel that it was worth living for."

And to think how often every minister, providing he is on his job, gets bonuses like that!

Only yesterday a woman told me that when, several years ago, her brother was making a final desperate struggle against the drink habit which had so saddened their home, they two used to slip quietly into our church on Sunday evenings. "And," she continued, "though you didn't know why we came, it was because my brother got so much from your prayers. He says that they did more than anything else to help him win out."

As, in the stillness of this significant night, I think back over the years, I can recall many such rich overpayments for my ministry, from which memory will ever draw an unfailing usufruct of happiness.

That last sad, beautiful service must have tired me more than I realized; for I find that my thoughts are darting hither and yon, and lighting on happenings which are quite incongruous, except that in each instance I was very well paid.

For example, I find that I am tremendously proud of having made Miss Lucretia's furnace-fire. She was a quaint little old maid, the last survivor of a once prominent family, very loquacious, absurdly independent, and as proud as Lucifer; so, in spite of her having fallen on evil ways financially, nobody ventured to assist her openly. Once in a while, by devious underhand schemings, we managed to slip something past her barricade of haughty sensitiveness, but more often we ignominiously failed.

On numerous occasions I was called to her death-bed, until finally her doctor refused to make any more prognoses. "When that stubborn old lady gets good and ready to die, then she will die," he said to me, "and that's all I know about it!"

One day when she lay dying—and did not die after all—there was a heavy snow-storm, and I found the temperature inside her house but little warmer than it was outdoors. I did not dare offer to pay a man to work for her; so I took off my overcoat and went into the cellar—if she reads this in heaven, I hope she will forgive me for saying that it was in a terrible mess—and cleaned out the archaic furnace myself, and chopped some wood with the rusty old hatchet, and laid a new fire. Then I took my courage in both hands and went up-stairs to confess what I had done—and the old Bourbon actually thanked me for it! I felt as if I had been knighted.

As might have been expected, many of my richest legacies have come to me from death-beds. One afternoon word was brought me concerning a man who had been long ill: "The doctor says he can live only a few hours more." I found him propped up against the pillows, fully conscious, and suffering but little pain, and, because I remembered that he had made many trips abroad, I greeted him with the question: "Well, friend, are you all ready for your journey?"

"Yes," he answered, "all ready. But" —looking wistfully at his wife—"I wish that she could go with me."

"I wish I could, too, dear," she said. "But I'll be with you there some time."

So we three talked together about his impending departure in as matter of fact a way as if he had been going to

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Europe again, though all the while his breathing became more and more labored, and the long afternoon shadows moving across the floor seemed to make of it a sun-dial on which were marked the few hours left him before the deep darkness should settle down.

After I had said a traveller's prayer with him, he motioned me not to go yet; so his wife let a little medicine trickle down his throat—for he could not swallow any more—and then, very slowly and earnestly, he said that he wanted to thank me for all that I had done for him.

Have I made the picture clear? Knowing that when sunset came he would meet his Maker face to face—with that tremendous crisis just ahead of him, he drew on his fast-ebbing vitality to thank *me!* Could any accolade from earthly monarch be more weighty honor than that?

Whatever else I may throw away when we move from the old manse, I am going to take my letter-files with me, for they contain the records of many of my most profitable investments. A number of them read like love-letters. I like to think that this is just what they are. Some ask for advice about very intimate personal problems. Others refer to advice which I had previously given. A frequent expression is: "I remember how you said . . ." Perhaps I myself have entirely forgotten what I said, and have no more than a vague memory of the occasion referred to; but what a precious responsibility is laid on one when the very words he utters are cherished and are quoted back at him, it may be years afterward!

The most valued of these letters are from people with whom I had travelled through some valley of the dark shadow—and I found out long ago that the blackest shadow is not always that of physical death. Such letters are too sacred to be quoted, even though they would not be identified by any except their authors. Here is one, however, from a man who writes just to remind me that it was to me that he came with his family problem. Yes, I recall that, but I had not been sure that it would remain so vividly in his memory. Another letter is from a man who says that, when he was a sophomore in college, I showed him the solution of his hardest problems, though, in this instance, I cannot even remember what the problems were. Another is from "a hard-boiled newspaper man" who tells me that I helped him, after long years of wandering, to find his Saviour again. Is there any possible effort, I wonder, for which such letters as these would not be more than adequate reward?

And the letters that went out from my study have not proved losses either. Many of them I found long afterward where the poet found his "song from beginning to end."

An eminent lawyer, who was a church member long before I was born and is probably a better man than I am, tells me that he keeps a certain letter of mine in his office safe, so that he can refer to it frequently. A dear girl says that she is going to put my letter of advice in her diary, "so that I can read it when I need soul medicine." Another person writes that he has just been reading over again the letter that I gave him when he left home two years ago. A caller happens to open his pocketbook in my presence, and I notice that he is carrying my latest letter with him, and that it seems to be worn from much handling.

As collaterals on which one can bor-

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row from the bank of happiness, I would rather have my outgoing mail in such depositories than gilt-edge bonds in a safe-deposit box.

Many of my largest overpayments have, of course, come from young people; for he who, however awkwardly, tries sincerely to come into intimate and helpful contact with the eager spirit of youth, is sure to receive in return "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over."

One Christmas eve I found in my letter-box a plain envelope containing a typed, unsigned greeting and a number of hundred-dollar bills. Needless to say, such mail matter as this is always welcomed by a minister's family. While we were counting the money and speculating curiously about the identity of the anonymous giver, the door-bell rang. It was a college student, home for the holidays, who also had a Christmas present for his pastor. I should say that it had cost under fifty cents; but, as I took it from him, he put his hands on my shoulders and, leaning down toward me—for he was well over six feet tall—he said: "I can't tell you how much you have done for me."

After he had left, my wife said to me: "If you had to choose between that boy's gift and the hundred-dollar bills, which would you keep?" But she knew the answer.

A girl whom I had been trying to guide through the perplexities which beset the pathway of so many young people these days, and who had gradually been letting me see deeper and deeper into her heart, finally handed over to me her private diary. It was penned with a stark frankness, and parts of it were such sad reading that I advised her never to let any one else see it. On the first page she had written: "Why doesn't one have a friend to turn to when things go wrong?" The last entry, written three years later, began thus: "Dear old diary, I am going to let the best friend in the world read you now."

That, surely, was overpayment for all that I had ever done for her.

A radiant pair — typical examples they were of the modern youth who puzzle some of us older folks so much —came to my study, so that I might admire a beautiful new diamond ring before it was shown to the world at large. "You have been with us in our problems and our sorrows," the young man said, "and now we want you to be with us in our great joy." Then he turned to the girl. "Shall I tell him what we were talking about, dear?"

"Yes," she replied shyly. "Tell him if you want to."

"We were thinking," he continued somewhat hesitantly, "that we don't see why we should wait for the marriage ceremony for you to pray for us."

So we three knelt beside the big armchair by the open fireplace, while I asked God's blessing on their new-found happiness, and, again, I felt myself overpaid—to be thus admitted into the inner sanctuary of their confidence and love.

One Friday evening of an unusually busy week, with an overcrowded Saturday looming just ahead, I went to my study immediately after dinner, determined to spend several quiet hours on my delayed preparation for Sunday's services. I was no sooner seated at my desk, however, than there came a knock at the door, and I opened it, to find one of the older girls, who was just blossoming out into a beautiful but somewhat distracted young womanhood.

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She had come to ask my opinion about some inconsequential matter in connection with the young people's society. I answered her as briefly as possible, and glanced significantly at the virgin sheets of paper on my desk. Then I looked at her again, and something said to me: "Maybe she is more important to-night than your sermon."

So we sat and talked together. Rather, she did most of the talking. I have quite forgotten what it was about. I do recall, however, that it was nearly midnight when she finally said good-by and let me go to bed, with no better preparation than before against the fast-approaching Sabbath. At least, that was what I thought at the time.

The next morning I was in my study at a very early hour, but, again, I had not set pencil to paper when I was interrupted, this time by the telephone bell. It was the girl's mother, who said that she wanted to thank me for all that I had done for her daughter, and especially for the long talk I had had with her the night before. "She was half sick," so the mother told me, "and was so tired and discouraged that her father and I were terribly worried about her; but when she came back from your study, she seemed like a different person, and she said to me: 'You know, mother, whenever you go to see Doctor ——, it is just like having a great big helping arm put around you.'"

When at last I settled down to my work, it was with a song in my heart; for I felt that to have any girl talk about me that way to her mother would have been overpayment for a hundred ruined sermons.

It may be that these scattering meditations will be read by some boy who is wondering whether he should prepare for the ministry, or by some young man who—with, I trust, the best girl in all the world to help him—is about to enter upon his first pastorate. It seems strange that—all of a sudden, apparently—I have come to an age when I can think back over so many years' experience, and yearn to advise my younger brethren.

Yet this I would say to them with the utmost emphasis. Look your ministry squarely in the face, while still there is time. Take an honest accounting of its duties and its rewards on which you can surely reckon, before you have given such hostages to fortune that, however you may wish to do so, you cannot then break away into another field of labor. I am not nearly so much concerned over the reported decrease in the number of candidates for the ministry as I am over the wasted lives and the broken hearts in the ministry.

Just why do you want to be a minister, anyhow?

With all modesty, do you feel that you have the makings of an outstanding pulpit orator? You may be right about the makings, but, as the crowded years go by, you will find those adequately prepared sermons being pushed farther and farther into the indefinite future.

Has the thought of the minister's study seduced you with its opportunities for continuous intellectual growth? You ought to know, then, that about the last thing we ministers do in our studies is to study. We are too busy trying to catch up with last week's chores.

Perhaps the social advantages of the pastorate are alluring to you—and to her. It is true that we ministers, and our families, meet all sorts of delightful people on an immediate social equality; but, if you are going to be a faithful

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pastor, you will find it necessary to limit your social activities almost exclusively to those which in some positive way enable you to get closer to people who need your help, and your wife will labor under the embarrassment of not being able, for financial reasons, to return all the favors which are bestowed on her.

Of course your salary is going to be above the average, and, indeed, even the average of ministerial compensations is much higher than it used to be; but, on the other hand, so are expenses higher, and, as a rule, the larger a minister's income becomes, the larger is the gap between it and what would be needed to conform to the standard of living maintained by most of the congregation. You might as well make up your mind to one thing at the beginning: Unless you marry a rich wife, you will *always* have to worry about making both ends meet.

The dignity of the clerical profession appeals, I think, to many an ambitious youth. We are usually treated with a very flattering deference, especially by tradesmen, book agents, and traffic policemen. You will not be a "minister" very long, however, before you discover a new significance in the fact that the word really means a "servant." Your masters will be exactly as many in number as the members of your church, excluding the little children, the dear old ladies, and the Sunday golfers who do not care what happens so long as you let them alone, and, if it is true that no man can serve two masters, it is immeasurably more hopeless to expect to satisfy a whole churchful of employers, some of whom have uncanny memories for any mistakes that are made by their hired help.

It may be that you are drawn to the ministry by a fervent zeal for evangelism. Of course the saving of souls, for this world as well as for the next, ought to be a minister's most intense preoccupation. But I doubt if you will ever save them in large groups. Those burning evangelistic appeals of yours are going to be dampened as, week after week, you view the same old congregation of hardened saints, with scarcely a sinner who will give you a fair chance to preach at him.

If such motives as these are uppermost in your mind, then I fear that you are going to enter the most overworked, underpaid, misunderstood, incessantly criticised, ineffective, and futile profession in the world, and, long before old age comes on, you may be like many a clergyman of my acquaintance, whose cynical humor hides an aching heart, and whose day-dreams, I suspect, are woven around everything under God's heaven excepting the life-work from whose shackles he cannot escape until death brings him release, or until, having passed "the dead line of the ministry," he is thrown out to linger on in genteel poverty or to eat the bitter bread of charity.

But if you yearn to be a shepherd of foolish and often wilful sheep; if you covet the opportunity of spending hours sitting on a well-curb with some perplexed woman, or talking with some timid fellow who comes to you at midnight, or comforting a couple of sorrowing girls whose brother has died, or holding little children in your arms, or trying to get a selfish rich man to see how bankrupt he is of enduring possessions, or, it may be in the midst of your own deepest agony, opening the gates of paradise to one dying sinner—then you are going to be very suc-

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cessful and very happy, for you will be doing what your Master did.

If you really feel that the most worthwhile thing in all the world is not homiletics or liturgics or ecclesiastical organization and administration, but *people,* and if you understand that you can know and help people only as you are willing to spend yourself for this one person and that one person who needs you, then, after a while, as people find out that you are that kind of a minister, they will begin to come to you. They will break in on your meals, and disturb your hours of study, and interrupt your sermonizing. They will bother you with trivial questions, and assume that you want to hear a detailed narrative of every little incident in which they play a part, and, if you always listen in a patient and friendly way, it will be you also to whom they will come in the great crises of their lives, and when you get to bed at last, very late at night, worn out in body and mind and with the memory of another carefully planned schedule again shattered by unforeseen interruptions, you will sigh happily: "It was worth living today!"

I have not yet grown accustomed to these rich rewards of my own ministry. Who am I that that proud man should tell me all about his perplexities, and that bereaved mother should say that she could not bear her sorrow without my help, and that distracted father ask me to talk with his wayward children, and that headstrong boy confess to me his sin and shame, and that splendid fellow take my advice about his life-work, and that shy girl let me know more about her than anybody else knows excepting God?

Who am I that so many with whom I have journeyed through the long night of sorrow or of sin should want me, first of all, to share with them the joy that cometh with the morning?

I am a minister. I am a proud, humble, happy member of the most highly paid profession in the world.

One Sunday morning I exchanged pulpits with a neighboring pastor, but, because the two services were held at different hours, I was able to get back to my own church just as the benediction was being pronounced. When the congregation turned to leave the church, a dear little girl of five saw me standing in the vestibule, whereupon she broke away from her mother and ran down the aisle, shouting at the top of her voice, "That's *my* minister!" and jumped up into my arms.

As, looking back to-night over those busy, happy years, I balance my life's ledger in preparation for the other happy, busy years which I am confident lie ahead, I realize that my greatest profits, whose investment is going to bring increasing annuities of satisfaction to the end of my days, have come from those who, in time of perplexity or sorrow, or in sudden access of joy, have instinctively thought, "That's my minister," and have hurried so close to me that I could feel the beating of their hearts.

Yes, I have been overpaid.

"The Man of Science," by Professor East, in this number, is an interesting complement to this look into the heart of a man of God.

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A Difference in Ceremony

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS

CONSTANCE, in an orange felt hat, with long blue feathers drooping over one ear, her sapphire-blue dress and coat of orange chiffon, was conscious that she looked very well. It was important to look well at a wedding. You are so conspicuous walking down the aisle on the arm of an usher. How awful to be a man and to have to dress like every other man, never to feel that secret elation which charming and distinctive clothes give you! She glanced at Edgar, standing beside her in the doorway of the church. He did look nice, however, in his correct morning coat with his shiny silk hat held back against his arm. He was smiling, his thick lips wide under his little black mustache, his heavily lidded eyes staring in front of him at the altar. What did he find to smile about all the time? It must be a habit.

Behind them a motor drove up to the vestibule of the church. Mrs. Palmer, a cushioned mound of pearl-gray satin, slowly and painfully got out of it, helped by the chauffeur.

"You see, we're not late," Constance whispered. "There's Mrs. Palmer."

"What," replied Edgar dreamily, "is even Mrs. Palmer against so many!"

The church, it was true, was full of people sitting in the pews. There were rows and rows of bareheaded men, and women obediently hatted according to the stern injunction issued by Saint Paul. She was glad, even though the present arrangement was designed to put women down a bit, that Saint Paul had not chosen to say that it must be the other way, men's heads covered and women's bare, since hats were generally becoming.

The organ was playing softly, wavering, rising and falling, in no distinct melody. They always played like that at the beginning. It was like a plain border, meant to emphasize the vivid pattern of the wedding-march. It was like the tentative swings you make at a golf-ball before you hit it. Which was it like? She wanted to ask Edgar, "Which do you think—border or swings?" and see his look of puzzled amusement, but just then a tall usher stood before her. He held a paper in his glistening white glove. "Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Davis," said Constance. Goodness, suppose they weren't down on the list! Suppose that Ethelda had forgotten them!

"Oh, Mrs. *Davis!*" said the usher. He appeared to be delighted that she had come at last, as if he had been waiting all the time just for her, and without even looking at the paper he gave her his arm.

Slowly they walked up the aisle of the church, toward the altar, thickly banked, crowded with flowers. Flowers were everywhere. The air was waxy and sweet with them. Green curtains of smilax veiled the stained-glass windows. The light was colored but subdued, like the inside of a sugar Easter egg.

"I suppose that I shall cry," said Constance, looking up at him. "I always do at weddings."

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"From pity or remorse?" he asked.

"Neither—just ceremony. There is something tearful about ceremonies; don't you think so?"

"If that's the reason, get out your handkerchief, because there are eight bridesmaids and two——"

They had arrived at their pew. He opened the little door, smiled at her, and walked quickly down the aisle again.

Aunt Minnie was already there. She nodded discreetly and moved down to make room for them. There was something pathetic about her mournful brown eyes and tight little mouth under her jetted black hat. "Where are the children?" she whispered.

Slowly and elaborately Constance's lips framed the words: "At the beach." Aunt Minnie watched them.

"Ah, in the village," said Aunt Minnie, not understanding, not expecting, because of her deafness, to understand. "The church looks beautiful."

"Lovely!" said Constance's mouth, without making a sound, and Aunt Minnie, satisfied, settled back into her deafness again.

There were Katherine and Griswold in front of them, with, of course, their two little boys, whose sleek blond heads and Eton collars showed over the rail of the pew. Katherine was extremely conscious of her little boys, sitting there beside her. She leaned over, brushed their coats lightly with her hand, smiled at them, motioned them with her finger on her lips to be quiet, then whispered something to them and looked away contentedly. But you felt that she looked away from them only because it was foolishly expected of her. And even while she was doing it, gazing complacently at the window, her regard seemed to stream down sideways over the little boys. "Here we are together, *my* two sons, *my* husband, *my* family."

There was a slight rustling through the church. Something was happening! Ethelda's mother, dressed in mauve from head to foot and with gold-rimmed glasses perched on her nose, was escorted, with care, to a front pew. Every one turned to look at her. Did she seem sad at this losing of Ethelda, her only child? No, determined rather, as if she were thinking: "I'll do my part as the mother of the bride. It's not much, but I'll do it."

Katherine, at this, leaned over sideways, her gloved hand resting on the nearest little boy's knee, and whispered something to Griswold. He frowned and shook his head and drew back again. What did people whisper to each other in that serious way on occasions like these? They always looked as if they must be tremendously important.

There was a pause, charged with meaning, almost ominous. The organist, behind a screen of roses, could be seen to have become suddenly active, pulling out stops, pushing them in, although now the organ gave forth only a long, thin, silvery note, the merest skein of sound, infinitely prolonged, until suddenly it plunged, oh, thrilling! into the low but thoroughly massive and decided opening bars of the wedding-march. Dum, dum dee dum. Dum, dum dee dum—they were coming, creeping up the aisle behind her! She felt an almost irresistible impulse to turn around and look at them. But, of course, she wouldn't do that. She hated people who craned their necks at weddings, although there were certainly plenty of people doing it. Aunt Minnie, for one. She didn't hate Aunt Minnie.

Oh, it was so sad, that music, so sad and so romantic! It seemed to hold in

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it, to express, those masses of white flowers, especially the flowers in the ushers' buttonholes, that suffused green light— And it was lustrous, too, like taffeta, and mysterious, like tulle. But it was the sixth bar, after the dum, dum dee dums are over, that always made her nose tickle and her eyes fill with tears. That lifting up, that fainting cry of supplication, that unearthly plaint ——!

A tear crept down her cheek. It felt funny and cold. She turned her back on Aunt Minnie and looked up into Edgar's face. Three more tears spilled over and ran down her cheeks. Everything was blurred, and she knew that tears brimmed her eyes and had pointed her lashes together. Aunt Minnie would think her silly to cry. A woman's tears were wasted on other women, but Edgar would adore her for them. As she was habitually gay and light-hearted and inconsequent, they would have the intensified effect of a smile on the face of a very solemn person, of something generous done by one who was usually selfish.

"Cheer up," he whispered, smiling down at her. "They're not married yet."

He was so silly. That was why she loved him, because he was silly.

Slowly they came, terribly slowly. Of course Ethelda would, thought Constance, dabbing at her eyes. The organ had gone through the wedding-march already and begun again—dum, dum dee dum—although they were not halfway up the church.

Presently the space at Edgar's elbow was filled with black—the ushers, stepping, pausing uncomfortably, stepping again. Her usher, she noticed, didn't wobble when he paused. She was glad of that. Gradually the black changed to pink: two bridesmaids, their large hats tied at the side with wide velvet ribbon, their eyes looking very solemn and straight ahead. An empty space, then blue ones appeared, their hats tied with beige ribbon. Then mauve and cream-colored ribbons; then, after a moment, yellow ones with white ribbon. Why didn't she have them all alike? It was more effective, like the chorus of a musical comedy. Now the space at Edgar's side was green—the maid of honor with a paler green ribbon.

"Which do you like the best?" she whispered to Edgar.

"The one with the red hair."

"No, I mean—" Oh, how sweet! A tiny girl in a lace cap and short-waisted dress with a basket of flowers! Completely ignoring the demands of the music, she carefully placed each foot and drew the other after it, dropped her flowers, first on one side, then on the other, looking behind each time to see where they had fallen, if they were all right. Aunt Minnie beamed at Constance and nodded her head as if to agree: *"Isn't* she!" Now— Oh, no, it was a little boy carrying the ring on a velvet cushion— Mercy! At last, Ethelda, with properly downcast eyes, leaning on the arm of her father. Ethelda, dripping with lace and silver, fairly drenched in silver and effervescing lace. Slowly she went by, and her long silver-incrusted train slid, stopped, slid, stopped, slid after her.

The music broke off in the middle of a bar, then softly began again, a vague and plaintive wandering, a mere accompaniment to the deep voice of the bishop.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God—" Constance sighed. It had been something to see. That silver embroidery! Imagine

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any one doing it, and those gorgeous white orchids! "As ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment——"

Goodness, would she and Edgar have to answer at the dreadful day of judgment? Who would ask them? Would some one be sitting behind a high desk and would she and Edgar have to stand before it, hand in hand? The light would perhaps be cold, unearthly, like the light before a thunder-storm. The air would be full of trumpets. "Was there any impediment why ye should not have been lawfully joined together?" She would have to answer, trembling, because Edgar wouldn't take even that seriously: "Edgar had been divorced." They would think that an impediment certainly. What would they do with them after that? Refuse them white robes and crowns? That wouldn't be so bad. Edgar in a white robe and a crown! But the crown and harp and things would just suit Katherine. Katherine wouldn't have to admit any impediments.

"The secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed." She could see them all pouring them out on the floor. Her secrets would be nothing at all, scarcely worth looking at, but she would have a good time rummaging among Edgar's. He must have some strange ones hidden away.

"I, Rupert, take thee, Ethelda." What a silly name! Mr. Watson had, no doubt, wanted Ethel, his mother's name, but Mrs. Watson's well-known love of the ornate, since she was confronted by the incurableness of Watson, had caused her to embellish it, tie a bow on it, and make it Ethelda. She had compromised as far as compromise could be expected of one made recently a mother. What could Mr. Watson do?

Rupert's responses were a mere rumble, deep and quite unintelligible. He sounded like a little boy who had been forced to recite a distasteful lesson before being allowed to go out and play. He didn't seem to be aware of all the people who had come there to hear him.

"I, Ethelda, take thee, Rupert, to my wedded husband," boomed the bishop's voice, with that pseudo-English pronunciation peculiar to bishops. Ethelda raised her eyes to Rupert's face and, gazing intently at him, repeated the words, clearly and distinctly, with much feeling. This was better. "To have—and to hold from this day forward." Oh, how she meant it! She wanted every one there behind her in the church to know it. She would have him. She would hold him. There must be no doubt of that. Rupert looked slightly ill at ease. He didn't seem to be quite sure whether he ought to look into Ethelda's eyes, turned so trustfully and steadily up at him, or at the bishop.

"To love—and to cherish," repeated Ethelda, slowly, still gazing at Rupert's face, whether it was turned to her or not. Katherine seemed to have the same idea. She was looking at Griswold, and her profile wore a far-away, gentle smile. "According to God's holy ordinance, Rupert. In the sight of God, perhaps, but chiefly, Rupert, in the face of this company—*I* am not ashamed to show them that I take this thing seriously."

Older women often spoke of Ethelda's sweetness and simplicity. She behaved the way girls used to behave. She never drank or smoked. She had all the simple virtues. Riches had not spoiled her. They had, in fact, strangely enough, enhanced her. For those simple virtues in a poor girl might have been too usual to be noticed.

"Look mercifully upon these thy

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servants, that they may love, honor, and cherish each other and so live together in faithfulness and patience, in wisdom and true godliness, that their home may be a haven of blessing and of peace." Beautiful, fruitless prayer! They had all had that, or something like that, said over them, but how many havens of blessing and of peace were there? That was the luminous core of the thing, stripped down of all its outer coverings, but too fragile, always broken and lost sight of under the accumulating débris of every day. Katherine had managed to make a haven of peace for herself, but for that reason Griswold certainly hadn't. Constance was sure of that. So often you can get your precious peace only by complacently drawing it away from some one else. As for her and Edgar—he enriched her, gave her when he chose strange adventures, and then— But what did it matter. Those adventures were better than peace. And they were worth waiting for, even when you knew that somewhere else— And it was asking too much to expect faithfulness and the power to lead one into strange adventures to live together in the same person. They seldom did.

Bing, *bing,* de ding ding ding ding! The organ pealed forth, gorgeously triumphant. It was a parade in the sun. High-spirited black horses, tossing their manes, shining armor, banners streaming in the wind! Ethelda faced them and started down the aisle, arm in arm with Rupert. She smiled and nodded to people to right and left as she passed. The bridesmaids followed, but no one looked at them, now. Aunt Minnie was busy gathering together her belongings. Katherine, after picking up one of the little boys' hats from the floor, brushed it carefully. Griswold turned around, settled his collar, smiled at Constance.

With her hand on the arm of the tall usher, Mrs. Watson passed them, looking intent, as if she were thinking about her responsibilities, as if she were eager to get back to her house, where they were to begin.

"Wonderful afternoon — wasted," Griswold remarked to Edgar.

"Rupert did a good job," Edgar replied.

Yes, Rupert had accomplished something. People spoke of him as a "struggling young artist." Well, he wouldn't have to struggle any more. He could lie back and be borne along on the rich flood of Ethelda's money. There was something queer about that money. It hadn't been made in exactly— But that wasn't Ethelda's fault, of course.

"Beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" said Katherine. "Beautiful wedding," she repeated soundlessly to Aunt Minnie. "The boys were a little restless toward the end. Say 'How do you do?' to Aunt Minnie." She paused, looking at them.

"How do you do?" said both the boys, without glancing in Aunt Minnie's direction.

"Griswold, you had better take them home. I'll go on to the house with Constance and Edgar."

"Fine! I don't have to come back, do I?"

"Of course you do." And she raised her eyebrows and sighed, shaking her head at Constance as if they had a secret understanding between them of the childishness of men.

"Are you going to the house? May I go with you?" asked Aunt Minnie in her flat, far-away voice.

"Sure," said Edgar. He never exerted himself at all to make Aunt Minnie understand, but she adored him just the same. "We'd love to have you," Constance interpreted through her lips.

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The aisle was filled with people going out. Katherine, slowly edging her way beside Constance, looked about her, searched carefully for the people she knew, and nodded to them.

"Do you think the boys have grown?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Constance, as if their growth were simply amazing. "Goodness, how they have changed since last summer!"

Suddenly, when they were near the door, and without any reason, apparently, that the thought should have come to her just then, she realized that she had intended to take some flowers to little Ellen Mary Brandon that morning. How could she have forgotten! But there had been so much to do. She hadn't once thought of it.

"Edgar," she said, pulling his coat, clutching together the two little black buttons at the back, "listen, isn't it awful! I never took those flowers to the Brandons'. Ellen Mary died."

"Poor kid," said Edgar.

"The funeral isn't until to-morrow. I'll have to take them when I get home."

"Yes, that will be all right." He piloted Aunt Minnie through the crowd at the steps and left her under a tree. "Wait here. I'll get the car. It will be quicker."

"Why," thought Constance, leaning against the tree, "didn't I go to see Ellen Mary while she was at the hospital?" Why hadn't she taken some roses to her? She had meant to. She had certainly meant to, but that was all that could be said for her. Every week when she left the wash with Mrs. Brandon, she had asked: "How is Ellen Mary?" And sometimes Mrs. Brandon would say, as she lifted the heavy laundry-baskets from the car: "She's better this morning. Maybe she'll pull through." And sometimes it had been: "She's awful low." But always, when she spoke of Ellen Mary, whether it was to say that she was worse or better, Mrs. Brandon's rough voice would shake and her red eyes would grow redder, and suddenly her cheeks would be wet and glistening. Lately Constance had thought that was rather silly of Mrs. Brandon, because, after the blood transfusion, when Ellen Mary's brother had been brought from the prison to give his blood, that he wouldn't need much longer anyway, as he was under sentence of death, every one had been sure that she would live. But she didn't. If only she had gone to the hospital with something, anything, that would have given her a little pleasure! But now— Even if she gathered together all of those flowers in the church, surrounded her with roses and roses and roses, it wouldn't matter.

The car drove up with Edgar in the front seat beside the chauffeur. "There is the car," said Katherine, although both Constance and Aunt Minnie had seen it first. A stout man with a gardenia and a silk hat opened the door for them. Aunt Minnie got in. Katherine and Constance followed. The stout man slammed the door and shouted something. At once they felt isolated, safely apart from the crowd of motors and people milling around them as if they were on a little island in a rushing stream.

"Did you ever see so many people in that church before!" said Katherine. "I've heard that her presents were marvellous. What did you give her? She has so many of everything I didn't know *what* to give her."

"Why didn't you give her a Cambodian ant-eater?" suggested Edgar, turning around from the front seat. "I'll bet she hasn't many of those."

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"As something useful or merely ornamental?" asked Constance.

"Useful, if there are ants in the pantry." He climbed over the seat and sat down, sideways, in front of Aunt Minnie, still smiling his sleepy, froglike smile. "Hello! I thought that I would come back here with you."

"Isn't he killing," said Katherine. "What *did* you give her?"

"An electric bell," said Constance. "It's made of creamy enamel and there are three pale gold rings around it and it has a lovely white silk cord. She can just lie in bed and press it with a well-manicured finger——"

"And summon four and twenty pretty maids," said Edgar. "I'd like to be there when she does it."

"Yes, you would," said Constance. "You old roué."

"Am I a roué?" asked Edgar plaintively. He leaned over and tapped Aunt Minnie's knee. "Aunt Minnie, have I ever given you any reason at all to think that I am a roué?"

"Don't, Edgar," Constance said. "That's mean."

"What does he say?" asked Aunt Minnie, watching Constance's lips.

"He—wants—to know—if—you—think—him—a—roué."

"Edgar has beautiful manners. He's never rude," smiled Aunt Minnie, patting his shoulder.

"It's lucky she doesn't know you," said Constance.

"I finally decided to give her books," Katherine went on. "Books are always good. I hope she'll appreciate them. They're Russian leather tooled in gold."

"Bank-books?" asked Edgar.

"No, Stevenson—Robert Louis Stevenson."

" 'Travels with a Donkey,' " said Edgar thoughtfully. "That will be a good one for Rupert to read some long winter evening."

"Edgar, I simply hate you!" Constance exclaimed. But she didn't hate him. She adored him, most of all because he was so silly. For that reason her triumph was greater on those rare occasions when she had the power to break through that silliness, smash it, so that it drifted away in scattered fragments and uncovered quite a different person—an Edgar terribly intent, darkly savage, alive to nothing in the world but her.

Now they had turned and gone through the high stone gate-posts and were one of a long procession of motors, crawling forward, stopping, crawling again, as Ethelda's train had crawled up the aisle. Before them, to the left, around the curve, they could see the gray stone mass of the house, turreted, gleaming-paned, the stronghold and family seat of the Watsons during the months of July and August.

"Their little gray home in the West," Edgar chanted.

"Goodness," said Constance, "it looks much more like a castle than a castle does."

"Yes, isn't it lovely?" said Katherine.

"What did Mr. Watson do that was so terrible, Edgar?" asked Constance. "I mean, it couldn't have been so very awful, because it doesn't seem to have made any difference. Every one likes him just the same."

"Now, darling, you wouldn't understand. Don't try to bother your pretty little head about the affairs of us big naughty men."

"Edgar, be sensible. Tell me."

"Well, he announced that his company was going to be consolidated with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, so

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the stocks went sky high. And when they were sky high, he sold all he had. Then he said: 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.' So the stocks dropped, and then he bought them all back again. Pretty neat!"

"Ugh, I don't want to go to his old party," said Constance. "The horrid thing."

Katherine looked annoyed. "Really, Constance, I don't think that you ought to talk like that, at this time anyway, when you are going to his house."

"Especially," said Edgar, "as it wouldn't have been a good party if he hadn't done it. There wouldn't have been any champagne."

"Mr. Watson is perfectly wonderful. I know, because he gave me a huge check for my day-nursery. Besides all that, whatever it was, and it wasn't anything very bad, I'm sure, happened ages ago."

At three o'clock Constance opened her front door and ran up the stairs to change her dress. "Gertrude," she called over the banisters, "Gertrude, please cut some roses for me—every rose there is."

Gertrude, in her black dress and white apron, stood looking up at her. "There are not many roses in the garden, Mrs. Davis."

"Oh, there must be!" groaned Constance. "I haven't time to go to the florist in Simsbury. Please cut everything, all the phlox and the stock and the larkspur—anything you can find. I want to take them to the Brandons'. Ellen Mary died yesterday. Isn't it awful!"

Gertrude's lips tightened. "Yes, I know," she said. "It's too bad, I'm sure." She didn't approve of the Brandons. She knew about the Brandon boy in prison, sentenced to death for murder, and for such a horrible murder! He had in the dead of night broken into the house of a woman who lived alone and choked her to death in her bed! She had even heard stories about Mrs. Brandon's younger days that placed her definitely among those incomprehensively loose persons to be looked down on from her tight pinnacle of respectability. Constance could see that she was thinking that such people deserved all they got. "Perhaps it is all for the best, Mrs. Davis, on account of the disgrace and all."

The best! Constance threw her hat on the bed and unfastened her dress. Why on earth should it be better that Ellen Mary, who had only lived seventeen years and was so pretty, should die rather than live in a world that had condemned her brother? It was true that the cook had said that morning, with evident satisfaction, that Ellen Mary had "felt it," that she had fainted when she heard about the thing her brother had done, and after that had seemed to shrink away from people. And she had been so happy the summer before, so easily enthusiastic! When she had given her that old evening dress of purple chiffon, how it had thrilled her—that old rag. *"Mrs.—Davis!* Oh, I can't tell you how much I love it! I've never had anything half so beautiful!" Good heavens, if she could only go to her closet now and gather together an armful of her dresses, the silver and the blue-and-gold and the pink lace and give them to her. But even those things that might be really worthy of such delight would not make her clasp her hands and draw in her breath and exclaim, "Mrs.—Davis!" now.

Gertrude had tied the flowers togeth-

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er with string—ragged blue larkspur, some pink-and-white stock, and a few short-stemmed roses. They looked rather a makeshift. Oh, well, they were something, just something to try to show how sorry she was.

She got in the car and put the flowers beside her in the front seat. But, just as she was starting, Edgar strolled around from the side of the house. "Connie, wait a minute. Drop me at the club."

"But it's out of the way."

"Where are you going?" He had forgotten! "Oh, yes, to the Brandons'. Well, there isn't any hurry about that, is there?"

"Yes, there is, too, a hurry," said Constance, stepping on the self-starter. She frowned and shook her head impatiently. "Oh, all right. Come on."

He threw his bag of golf-clubs on the back seat and hurdled the door. "What's the matter, fair one?"

"Nothing. Please don't talk. I don't want to hear you."

"I can't see why you should be sore at *me,*" said Edgar. "You act as if I had been her doctor."

"Oh, I don't know. Things are awful." She was, incomprehensibly, in a boiling rage with herself, but it was more convenient to direct it against Edgar, since he could stand any amount of it. Recklessly, she slid around a corner on two wheels and swerved just in time to avoid running into a gasoline truck. He lost his balance and clutched the door of the car. "Things'll be worse if you don't look where you're going."

Why had she been so interested in that stupid wedding? This, Ellen Mary's death only a few streets away, was so much more really important. All those roses, Mrs. Palmer with her pearl-gray satin, Katherine and her little boys, those theatrical bridesmaids—It was disgusting!

She dropped Edgar at the club and drove away without a word. Edgar was laughing when he got out. "Some day let's make it up," he called after her.

Mrs. Brandon's little pumpkin-colored house stood right on the edge of the street. It rose from the cement road without even a sidewalk between. She owned half of it, the three rooms to the left. On her door hung a bow of wrinkled white ribbon. Constance knocked, holding the flowers carefully, but some of the rose-petals and a blossom of larkspur fell to the ground. One of the roses had completely lost its petals. It was just a little fuzz of yellow. She pulled it out and threw it away.

Mrs. Brandon opened the door. She was dressed in neat dark blue, her hair was brushed back carefully, and she wore a little gold pin, a bird sitting on a branch, pinned at her neck. Constance had never seen her look like that, so sternly respectable. She had always, when she took out the laundry-baskets, worn an enveloping gingham apron, and her sleeves had been rolled up over her elbows. But her lips were swollen and her face looked as if she had cried, not passionately, but just a little all the time for weeks.

"Mrs. Brandon, I—I've brought a few flowers. I was so sorry, so awfully sorry to hear—" If she could only tell her.

"Thank you." Mrs. Brandon took the flowers. She didn't seem to be interested in them. "Come in," she said.

Constance stood in the little, narrow, dark gray hall. Mrs. Brandon looked at her and cried, easily, as if she were so accustomed to tears that she scarcely noticed them. They smeared her cheeks. "Would you like to see Ellen Mary?"

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See her? Oh, no, she didn't want to see her now, but Mrs. Brandon, as if that could be the only thing that she had come for, opened the door and paused waiting for her to go in. "She's in here."

It was the room on the street. They had not pulled down the shades, so the sun streamed in through the uncurtained windows. A few pieces of imitation mahogany furniture, upholstered in vivid green, were pushed severely against the walls. The room was bare and bright with sun. In the farthest corner by a window, and resting on four chairs, was an elaborate gray coffin, covered with mosquito-netting, and right beside it, on the floor, a little boy in faded pink rompers was playing with a broken toy wheelbarrow. "He oughtn't to be in here," thought Constance. "How dreadful!"

The child looked up at her when they came in with interest, as if he had been rather bored with the wheelbarrow, and here at last was something worth watching. Mrs. Brandon lifted the mosquito-netting and threw it over the backs of the chairs.

Ellen Mary lay on a bed of puffed white satin. How that would have pleased her, could she have known, the elaborate gleaming white satin, the gray brocade, and the silver handles. "Oh, mamma, I've never had anything half so beautiful!"

She was incredibly still, like a figure carved out of wax; stiller than the white satin, stiller than the chairs that reflected the light. She had become something placed there to be shown, something that mustn't be stained by flies. But there was no stone, no other inanimate object in the world that could mean, as she did now, only an utter and awful lack of response.

Constance looked down at her in silence.

"See how thin she got at the hospital," quavered Mrs. Brandon. "There ain't nothing left of her. It's terrible!" It was as if her being so thin, so wasted away, was more tragic to Mrs. Brandon than her death.

And, truly, Constance could not believe that she was looking at what had been the Ellen Mary she knew the summer before. She was the merest wisp of a thing, sunk down in the cushions, and her hands, that had been crossed genteelly by the undertaker, were like little white claws. In all that stone-still whiteness her short straight hair was startlingly black. Constance remembered with what care she used to curl it.

Why had she cried at the wedding, really cried, about nothing at all? This was the time to cry. Here was something to cry about. But she couldn't. She didn't feel in the least like it. Was it because, awful thought, this had not been dramatized for her? There had been no tiptoeing into a darkened room, no wreaths of flowers, no lowered voices. Instead, the harsh sun, streaming through the window, that child banging his wheelbarrow on the floor, the mosquito-netting, and the buzzing flies had dissipated everything but stark fact unadorned, like a bare report in a newspaper.

But the strangest part of it was that, though she didn't want to cry about it, though it didn't even make her sad, she realized it all so fully.

If the two crashing blows that fate had dealt in such quick succession to Mrs. Brandon had fallen on her, she could hardly have realized their brutality more than she did. Her only daughter dead, her only son condemned to death for a crime whose gruesome

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details were being everywhere avidly discussed. It was hideous, like a gaping wound. Yet she could look on it in that clear way. She merely felt, if she felt anything at all, a kind of anger.

"She was never the same after Roger was taken to the prison," said Mrs. Brandon. "She fainted at the store when they told her. Did you hear about that?"

"Yes, I heard about it," said Constance.

"Then, after that, she wouldn't go with none of her friends. She didn't want to be with no one but me."

Yes, that was certainly ghastly, that Ellen Mary should have felt herself justly ostracized because of what her brother had done, that the eager friendliness that was the most endearing part of her should have been taken away.

"Well, I'm alone now," said Mrs. Brandon, replacing the mosquito-netting. "I ain't got nobody." Constance glanced at the untidy little boy on the floor. "That's my son's child."

"Oh," said Constance. The cook had told her that Roger Brandon had married a "moron" who wasn't good for anything. Constance hoped that she wouldn't appear. But, just then, a girl sidled around the edge of the door and stood there leaning against it. She was pale and unattractive with an undershot jaw and scraggly yellow hair. There was something deprecating about her manner, even about her faded dress, pinned together with a safety-pin, something that seemed to indicate that she didn't expect any one to think her of the least importance.

Mrs. Brandon took up the flowers that Constance had brought and handed them to her. "Put these in water." She took them and went into the kitchen. They could hear the water running.

"You have your grandson to think about," said Constance.

"I'll support them," Mrs. Brandon replied, "him and her, but it's not like your own children."

The girl came back with the flowers in a pitcher. She put it on the table. Constance moved toward the door.

"If there is anything in the world I can do, please let me know," said Constance when they were in the hall, and she felt, after she had said it, what a stupid remark it was. People always said that.

"Well, there is something, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Brandon surprisingly. "Eva, give me Ellen Mary's watch. It's in the drawer. If you would leave it to be fixed the next time you go to Simsbury, I'd be obliged. Something's broken in it."

"Of course I will." She took the little silver watch and put it in her purse.

"I give it to her on her birthday, two weeks ago," said Mrs. Brandon. "She was awful weak and she didn't open the package right away. So I says to her: 'What time is it?' 'I don't know, momma,' she says. And I says: 'If you open that you'll know what time it is.' She was so happy over it. She says: 'Oh, momma, isn't it beautiful!' "

A watch! What a thing to have given Ellen Mary on the verge of death! What could time matter to her then, except the dwindling away of the few hours left her? She thought of Ethelda's electric bell, of creamy enamel, rimmed three times with purest gold. That was what Ellen Mary should have had.

"And," Mrs. Brandon added, "please don't give my name to it. Give it under the name of Mrs. Cooley."

"Mrs. Cooley?"

"It's only so when I go for it people

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won't look funny. There's been an awful lot of talk about the name of Brandon; you know how it is. Some people are nice, but some of them look at me so queer and I'd rather."

"All right," said Constance. She opened the front door.

"And I'll do the wash just the same next week."

"Oh, please don't bother about it." She wanted to say that she would do the wash herself, that she would never have any wash done again, rather than that Mrs. Brandon should think of it now.

"I got to work for two reasons," said Mrs. Brandon. "One is because I got to earn my living, and the other because" —here there came that indefinite and scarcely perceptible change in Mrs. Brandon's features that meant that she was crying again—"it keeps me from thinking."

Why should people "look funny" at her—the beasts! Constance jammed her foot down on the self-starter and jerked the clutch into gear. They didn't "look funny" at Ethelda, and her father ought to be in jail, even if he wasn't. But the most incomprehensible thing, the thing that she couldn't understand, was why she had been all worked up at that wedding, just because its significance had been carefully emphasized by slow music, hush, and ceremony designed to squeeze out and dish up every last drop of emotion that could be got out of it. All that didn't matter really, and it was disgraceful to think that it could bring her tears, when at the Brandons' all the time she had been dry-eyed and perfectly calm. Was she so absolutely silly as to be affected not by a thing itself but by the dressing of it?

Everything was muddled and turned upside down. There was no sense to anything.

"Thank the Lord," she said out loud, "I'm going to a dance to-night. You don't think at a dance or bother to puzzle anything out. It's all absolute golden foolishness!"

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Mary and Joseph

BY HELEN HOYT

I

It was an angel sang me the tidings: it was an angel's voice
Told me I had conceived: the Angel of the Lord
Came down, and stood beside me with his wand of lily
And heard my magnifying cry, and magnified me.
(Do I remember the white wings stirring?
Do I remember the fragrant lily flowers?)
And said, "It is of God, this child of thine!"
Said, "Blessed and joyful thou, among all women!"
Said, "Blessed it is to be a woman—
Blessed the holy womb, blessed who bears!"

But the angel said no word of Joseph.
He said no word of man, nor of you,
Man, lover, husband! He said not, "Blessed is the man,
The husband, the lover. And said not,
"Blessed the begetter!" Magnified not you.

Of God is the child begotten: and not by Joseph.
Never the child is born of Joseph—only of the woman and God;
And Joseph has no part in the annunciation.

The angel is without knowledge of Joseph or Joseph's love.
The beam of light from heaven's window falls on Mary;
The white wings aslant through the air
Are poised for her. For her the lily bends meekly
Its pure head. For Mary, and never for Joseph, God's dove
Broods in the tree of life beside the door.
For her the vine hangs heavy, rich with grapes.
Possessing and possessed by God, she dreams, apart,
And Joseph is forgotten by the kneeling Mary;
Only the meaning of the angel's message fills her mind.
Outside the picture Joseph stands, and waits, unseen.

II

But somewhere there is another picture I have heard of:
Mary rides on the ass through a wide desert
And Joseph, leading the ass, walks by her side.

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There are no lilies here, no wings of angels,
But only sandy wastes. God is far off.
Only Joseph is near. O, Joseph, look!
The light that was God's face is now the fierce sun,
Hot on her bowed head, Joseph,
Hot on your patient trudging feet, your troubled face—
O Joseph—O my love, stay by me in the desert all the way!
Do not pay any heed to my glory, now;
Do not remember now, in the desert,
Any solemnity of my first magnificence.
There is no pomp or aloofness any more in Mary
As she clings to the ass and holds Joseph close to her side.

I am frightened of this glory, this augustness,
These prophecies and signs my body must fulfil!
Our love together was miracle enough. O let us be again—
Once more—alone, together, as we were;
Unburdened of this wonder, the angel's news unsaid!
Let us forget that in a little while
We shall be brought to birth of this new glory.
I fear this God, Life that has taken me—
O I am afraid for this child, this son of God, to be born—
To bear him, to have him for mine, to mother him!
Only you yourself would I have for God and child.

III

When I am kneeling, listening to the angel,
Listening to God's voice among tall lilies,
Answering, and not answering, eyes gazing far off—
Far past you, Joseph, absently, forgetting you—
When I am shown, soaring through rifted cloud,
Walking a star-path, tiptoe upon the moon,
Borne up on cherub wings, dreaming of cherub-faces
Illumined by beaming light shed from God's breast—
Bear with me, Joseph; it is only a little while,
Only these first days I am so glorious. . . .
Give me this arrogant moment between God and the cross.
I shall be so pitiful at Bethlehem!
Not proud, nor haloed, nor cloud-footed then,
But walking wearily, clumsily, needing your help to walk.
Be with me close in Bethlehem,
Where there are inns to ask at, strangers jostling,
The manger and the rolls of swaddling-clothes to be made ready,
And Herod's threatening to be outwitted
And all the constellations watched for signs,

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And the dark hour of travail overhangs—
Close, like a stifling cloud—
When I crouch down at last between sheep and sheep,
Like the bleating ewe straining against the earth,
Be then the shepherd, Joseph, with succoring hands,
Eyes full of strength, arms tautening my arms;
Your shoulders more soft to my tired shoulders
Than any cloud, or down of angel-wings.

Now I lie basking high in the radiance
Of God's own bosom, ascended into this heaven of splendor,
But your arms shall be my rest, and your face light me
When I go down into the black pit.
When agony blots out the moon and sun
That stable in Bethlehem shall not be dark,
But shimmering with bright love.

IV

I shall not remember that a star hangs over the stable,
Bending its rays down on my bed all night,
Through miles and miles of the sky, summoning the plains,
Luring and beckoning like an ancient dream;
That flaming signal is for wisemen's eyes, not mine.
No light from the East can guide me, on the road I must go.
What piercing beam of star so sharp and intense as my pain?
What gift of magi, laid at my feet, so rich to me,
What frankincense or gold,
So gracious and adoring as your love?
What myrrh so healing as your tenderness?
I shall not care for watchers afar on the hills,
So you but watch; I shall not care
That midnight angels chant in the Christmas skies,
Leaning down to the shepherds their gilded harps,
I shall not hear the clamoring hosannas—
Only, in the clear quiet that follows afterwards,
Two sounds will reach me—
When the skies have been cloven asunder and have closed again—
Two sounds I shall hear, beloved,
Listening as day slowly breaks in Bethlehem:
The child's cry, and your voice calling my name!

V

There is a carpenter-shop in Nazareth, and in the picture
Joseph works with his plane, smoothing long boards of cedar
While Jesus, close by, stands watching him, reaching

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To catch the blown coils of the shavings as they float off,
Twining them round his fingers, tossing them over his shoulders,
Choosing the small spiral ones to hang by his ears for curls,
While he looks out from the tangle with pleased, serious face.
Now Joseph has his vision, Joseph also:
Voices of heavenly visitors who speak to him
And matters he ponders in his heart, month-long, as Mary did.
Jesus asks knowledge, takes instruction of Joseph,
Hearkening to lore of Jerusalem and Galilee—
Learns to use saw and hammer as he sees Joseph use them,
For Joseph is skilled and wise, and patient in teaching;
Proud to take Jesus by the hand when he goes to the temple—
Proud and half fearful when he puts his questions to the elders,
Happiest when he is working, as now, with the boy beside him.
He has smoothed out blocks for him to play with
From the red cedar wood—whistles and carts—
Yes, he has carved him out toys from the Lebanon mountain cedars!

Now Jesus is child of Joseph more than of Mary:
To be brought forth by him, again, into man's world.
And Mary shares her glory now with Joseph,
Their glory being one glory, and they through Jesus
Are one with each other, being one with God's creating. . . .

But in the picture Joseph planes and planes, and never knows
How lilies blossom out of the boards, and how
Around his head a ring of holy light goes circling—
Shining and gold as he walks at his work, to and fro,
And how it glows, freshly bright, when he looks at Jesus,
Gleams in his hands, in his eyes as he listens or bends to him,
As he stoops, as he pauses, as he smiles or makes answer—
Leaps like a flame from his heart when he remembers,
"This is my own child, life out of my life!"
Remembers and repeats it, marvelling:
"This is my own-begotten, this is my little son!"

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Out of the Air

BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Billy Gregory stood in the middle of an ominously silent room, and stifled a sob. He shivered, not from cold (though he wore only his blue pajamas), but from a new-born sense of fear. It was late night. Fanny, the maid, had gone home, of course; and five minutes ago he had stood at a window high up in the big apartment-hotel and watched two strange men put his mother into a waiting ambulance.

He was all alone. There seemed to be no one left in the world. Even his mother had been suffering too acutely to remember him—or so it seemed to the frightened, eight-year-old laddie. There was another family only across the hall; but they weren't friends. The big hotel was full of people. Some of them had stood at their windows as had Billy and watched his mother being carried away—wondered curiously what had happened, and returned to their various pursuits with no thought for a little boy left alone in what was to him the darkest hour of a dark night. Most of them, indeed, did not know that there was a little boy on the fourth floor. Neighbors, that kindly product of the country which can be relied upon in an emergency, do not exist in such a place.

Billy shivered again, and looked around in the forlorn hope that some one, even the strange doctor, had stayed behind. He was in his mother's bedroom. The door to his own small room gaped open, dark and forbidding. It already seemed long ago, that moment when he had wakened at his mother's frightened cry and, following her painfully gasped instructions, had called the doctor. She had crumpled up then, and hadn't spoken—not once again. Billy had climbed onto the bed and patted her head softly until the doctor sent him away. Then came two men with a stretcher. . . .

He was all alone; and to be alone just then was rather terrible. The lights in the living-room burned garishly, revealing an untrimmed Christmas-tree in a corner; the rose-shaded incandescent by his mother's bed was on; but somehow the rooms seemed lonesome, like dark rooms.

Suppose, he thought with a sob of terror, suppose his mother never came back from the hospital! What would he do? Grandma was dead. Uncle Tom was away in France. Besides, though his uncle had given him splendid presents, Billy distrusted him. It was Uncle Tom who often spoke sneeringly about his father. Once, even before daddy had gone away, Billy had heard his uncle say to mother:

"Look here, Hilda, how long are you going to put up with Dick's playing around with these flossy little blondes?"

Mother left the room in tears, and Billy, who was building a tower with the beautiful stone blocks that Uncle Tom had brought him, arose suddenly and kicked it down. He didn't know what "blondes" were; but his uncle's

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tone said plainly that they were something his father shouldn't play with. He would have to ask; but he would wait and ask daddy himself, because he never laughed at questions as Uncle Tom did.

Mother had worn a new gown that night at dinner. Billy told her she looked pretty, and she hugged him. Her dark hair was very smooth and glossy; and her lips were redder than usual, and her eyes bright.

Even at that age Billy knew that his father was a great baritone. For more than half the year he was away "on tour." Once Billy and mother had gone with him; and twice the boy had stayed at his grandmother's while his mother went; but usually they both were left behind, waiting for daddy to come home.

The night that mother wore the new gown, Billy stayed up to dinner. There was no concert that evening, and daddy wasn't in a hurry. He was telling about a trained elephant he had seen in San Francisco, and Billy forgot all about the "blondes" until dessert was on. Then he said out of a clear sky:

"Daddy, what *is* a blonde?"

"A blonde?" The great singer was puzzled at the question.

"Yes," answered his son. "You play around with 'em, you know. What are they?"

Right then the atmosphere at the table changed. Even the little boy felt it strangely. He glanced at his mother and saw with surprise that she didn't look young any more, or pretty. Her lips were still red, and two red spots burned like fire on her cheeks, but the rest of her was pale, and her eyes seemed to have sunk away into deep holes.

"Who," asked his father sternly, "has told you that?"

Billy looked up, frightened. His father's face was hard and very white; and his voice was cold, not like a father's voice at all.

"It—it was Uncle Tom. He said—"

"Billy," cried his mother, too shrilly, "go up to bed."

And then his father had risen and, looking furiously at his mother, had called Uncle Tom something that even Billy knew wasn't quite right. The little boy had left the room in tears. He had gone to bed. Fanny had helped him very kindly; but neither his father nor mother came up to kiss him, and he had cried himself to sleep.

To Billy this seemed long, long ago, because the very day after he asked the disastrous question mother had taken him to grandma's, and he had seen his father only three times since. At grandma's he learned more about the "blondes." It was easy to listen when the grown-ups thought he was at play. Grandma got very indignant when they talked. It was mother who seemed to defend his father.

"I suppose he thinks he has outgrown me," she once said drearily. "He was so young when we married; and these last years he has met such—such different people."

Grandma had snorted.

"Outgrown the woman who has lived with him for sixteen years and borne him four children?"

"I know; but the children are not here. Perhaps if they'd lived—if there were more of us to hold him . . ."

"Bosh!" exclaimed grandma angrily. "He isn't big enough to stand success, that's all. His head is turned. You'll be well rid of him, Hilda, even though his voice can wring tears from a stone wall; and if you don't ask for a big alimony, I——"

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"It will not be necessary," interrupted mother coldly, "to ask for any alimony at all. I know my husband better than you do."

Grandma snorted again; and over in a corner behind the davenport a little boy sat pondering. Alimony! Another word he didn't understand. He wished daddy was here so he could ask about it.

Later the boy was to hear other words that puzzled him. One was divorce. His mother was getting one; but Billy didn't know just what it was. And the other day he had heard Fanny talking with the maid across the hall. She said something about his father—that he was only waiting for the final decree before— It was provoking, but just then they spied him and stopped talking, so he didn't know what his father was going to do, or what a final decree was, either. Billy was disappointed. It was so seldom he heard anything about daddy.

But he heard his voice—often! It was on the phonograph records that mother played in the long evenings when she thought her little boy was fast asleep. Once Billy opened the door a crack so as to hear better, and saw his mother sitting there looking so sad that he longed to throw his arms around her in a strangling hug, only some subtle bond of sympathy warned him that she would rather be alone. So he crept back to bed and lay there listening to the familiar songs—the splendid one about the Toreador; and the one about the little gypsy sweetheart, too. Billy loved that song, but mother hardly ever put it on the phonograph. . . .

The boy still stood in the middle of the room. He cast a cautious glance toward his own dark doorway, and shivered again. He couldn't go back—there. He would get into his mother's bed, and perhaps in the morning some one would remember him—the doctor, maybe, or when Fanny came——

But Fanny wasn't coming! It was a glimpse of the Christmas-tree that brought this devastating thought. Tomorrow was Christmas eve. Mother had wished Fanny a "Merry Christmas" when she left that night, and told her not to come back till the great day was over. Fanny wouldn't come! No one would come. . . . If only grandma hadn't died. . . .

Billy turned toward the bed, then hesitated. Grandma had once told him not to waste the electricity. He supposed he must turn out the light in the living-room, though it was sort of cheerful—like company. Quickly he snapped it off; then scampered like a frightened squirrel for the bed. They had wrapped his mother in the blankets, but her soft, warm, silken puff was there. Billy pulled it close to his chin and snuggled down. He did not turn off the rose-shaded bedside-light. He felt sure his grandmother would not mind if he kept it burning—when he was all alone.

Resolutely, the small boy closed his eyes, but only to see visions of his mother curled up so strangely—gasping. . . . He opened them, and the dark shadows from the rooms beyond frightened him. And then there swept over him an overpowering longing for his father. He wanted him—wanted him more than anything in the world—except his mother. And he didn't even know where his father was! If he could hear him sing on the phonograph, he might drop asleep; but he was afraid to go into the dark living-room. . . .

His eyes came back to the bedside-table. Beyond the light stood the radio.

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The boy's face brightened. He would turn it on. Perhaps somebody would be telling a funny story, or a band might be playing. It would be company. Billy knew how to use the radio, and saw in the dim light that the dials were already set for a local station. He reached out, turning the switch. Some one was playing. The tune seemed vaguely familiar. And then out of the air, clear, sweet, and penetrating, came his father's voice:

"Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head.
The stars in the heaven . . ."

"Daddy! Daddy!" cried the small boy in an ecstasy of relief, "I knew you would come—somehow!"

So for an hour he lay there, free from the dragging fear that was so terrifying, and heard his father sing the old, old carols: "It Came upon a Midnight Clear," "O Little Town of Bethlehem," "The Three Kings," and at last "Silent Night—Holy Night," the one his mother loved best of all.

It was over, that Christmas concert. The last, flawless notes had died away; and with them a sense of panic crept through the little boy. If he lost his father—again . . .

Billy strained his ears. The announcer was speaking. He said: "You have been listening to an hour of Christmas music rendered by the distinguished American baritone Richard Gregory. We should be glad to hear your impressions of this concert, and if you will address either the broadcasting station, or the artist himself in care of Station XYZ . . ."

The artist himself! Suddenly the boy sat up. Why, he could write to his father! Daddy would come. . . .

He was out of bed, the dark rooms no longer a thing of menace. He ran to the desk, found an envelope, and wrote the address with painstaking care. Here were the stamps, the two-cent kind, and the ones that mother told him she kept for an emergency, the big blue stamps that made a letter go more quickly.

"I guess maybe this is a—a 'mergency," said Billy thoughtfully.

A half-hour later a small, pajama-clad boy stole into the dimly lit passage to the mail-chute; then, turning out even the rose-shaded light, comforted, unafraid, he crept under the puff on his mother's bed and fell asleep.

A "distinguished American baritone" was wakened next morning by the persistent ringing of his telephone. Though he had overslept, he felt mildly irritated at being roused. He yawned, reached lazily for the bedside-instrument, and said: "Hello."

A strange voice answered. A letter addressed to him had just come by special delivery to station XYZ. Some one had signed for it and the boy was gone. Should they send it up by another messenger, or would he call?

The singer was puzzled. "A special delivery? Is there an address on the envelope?"

At the answer—the name of a certain apartment-hotel—he straightened up.

"I'll come for it. No, hold on. It'll save time to call a messenger and send it up. Sorry to trouble you."

Richard Gregory hung up the receiver, his fine eyes thoughtful. Why should Hilda be writing to him now? . . . She couldn't possibly need money. . . . Darn queer; and upsetting, too, at Christmas-time. . . . Those carols

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last night had been bad enough. . . . They brought things back, especially another Christmas eve when three little nightgowned figures had stood by the piano listening raptly while——

The baritone gave his pillow a vicious dig and went on thinking: There was something uncanny about this marriage business. Beatrice was a witch, of course—utterly desirable. He was going to marry her; but he hoped that after their marriage his path and Hilda's would lie far apart. He knew men who were on perfectly friendly terms with their divorced wives; but he was —different. Perhaps he was a fool; but in all these months he'd not been able to obliterate the past as he'd expected to—wanted to, of course. Not long ago his audience had demanded the "Gypsy Love-Song," and he had responded to their request as a singer must; but amid the applause that rocked the hall he had seen only Hilda—Hilda whom he had once called his "little gypsy sweetheart." . . .

No, he couldn't wholly erase the past. A man's wife was, somehow, his wife. There were intimate memories that he and Hilda shared—would always share "till death us do part," he mused. And the boy—*their* boy——

Fear clutched suddenly at his heart. Had something happened to Billy? At their last bitter meeting Hilda had said that she would not trouble him with letters. What else could it be?

That morning a fastidious American singer omitted his customary shower. He was fully dressed when the messenger arrived. A glance told him that the letter was not from Hilda; yet he felt strangely stirred as he read the childish scrawl:

"Dere Daddy, it is nite. I just herd you sing the Crismus songs. It kep me from being scared. I am all alone. Mother had a dredful pain and they took her away. It was in the nite. I gess they forgot me. I am all alone. Grandma is ded. Plese come. To-morrow is Crismus eve. Excuse bad riting. Your boy Billy."

If Richard Gregory had slept late that morning, his son slept later still. When a little boy is wakened in the night and terrified for what seems a lifetime, exhaustion is apt to follow. When Billy awoke the sun was streaming across his face. For a moment he lay there puzzled, wondering why he was not in his own bed—remembering at sight of the waiting Christmas-tree what day it was; and then remembering—everything! A lump rose in his throat, but he swallowed it manfully.

"I wonder," he said aloud, "if daddy has got my letter. I wonder how soon he'll come. Maybe I better get up and dress."

He washed carefully, as his mother liked him to do, wishing regretfully that he hadn't ever troubled her by trying to evade this duty that she thought necessary. He was struggling with a knotted shoe-lace when the bell rang. His heart pounded even as he told himself: "It can't be daddy this quick." Yet hope rose as, shoe-string dangling, he ran to the door. The lock stuck, but he got it open. . . .

Billy was in his father's arms. He was crying—just like a silly baby! His father was crying, too—crying and saying terrible things about doctors, and hotel managements, and people across the hall. He was terribly angry. He called them— Well, he used a word . . .

Billy blew his small nose, and spoke.

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"You mustn't say that, daddy. Mother says no—no gentleman ever says that, and—and——"

His father hugged him a bit tighter.

"She's right; but I'm not a gentleman this morning— I'm just primitive man, protecting my young. Tell me about—mother. What happened?"

Billy told him graphically.

"It hurt so she couldn't talk. I—I think she forgot me. She never even said—said good-by."

Good-by! The word on the small boy's lips sounded hideously final. Its effect on the man was unexpected. A sense of nausea swept over him, and, arising, he set his son gently on his feet.

"Where's the telephone?"

Billy pointed to the desk, and his father sat down and called the doctor. He was asking about mother, Billy gathered. The doctor talked for a long time. Daddy said simply, "Yes," and "I see," and "Not to-day?" and "Tell her the boy is all right—that he's with his father. She'll be worrying." And then his polite voice changed and he demanded: "Do you know that when you took her away an eight-year-old boy was left here—*alone*—in the middle of the night? . . . That's no excuse . . . I . . ."

He was angry again. Billy was terribly afraid he would say that bad word right to the doctor! But he didn't. He hung up suddenly and sat there a moment without speaking. Then he said:

"It was appendicitis. She's pretty sick; but she'll be better soon—she's *got* to be better! Now let's see." He stood up, dropped his fur coat, and asked: "Have you had breakfast?"

"I'm not all dressed. There's a knot in my shoe-string."

"Give it here," said dad, and fixed it in no time. "I haven't had breakfast either. Do you eat it here?"

"Fanny gets it; but she's away—for Christmas."

Billy winked back the tears. He had forgotten Christmas. His father had forgotten it too—forgotten where he had meant to spend the holiday—forgotten a girl with golden hair and laughing lips. He turned his eyes quickly away from the boy's face.

"We—we were going to trim our tree to-night," went on Billy sadly. "Will she be back—to help—to-night, daddy?"

"Not to-night," answered his father gently, "but *I* can help."

They went out to breakfast, but Billy noticed that his father didn't eat much —just drank his coffee and sat there thinking. The boy had to speak three times to rouse him.

"I've had enough, daddy. Let's go home."

"I think," dad answered thoughtfully, "that first we'll send some flowers to—to the hospital."

Billy's face brightened.

"She likes the red ones."

"I know," answered his father. "Roses."

"Will she know who sent 'em?" asked Billy as they left the shop.

"Yes. I put in a card. We must hurry now, son. I want to call up the doctor."

"And we must make the beds," said Billy practically.

Richard Gregory came away from the telephone with a grave face. He stood for a long time staring out of the window. Then, at his son's reminder, the great American baritone made the beds.

"There are some wrinkles," commented Billy critically. "You haven't done so good a job as mother."

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"I know it—now," answered his father; but he wasn't thinking about beds.

They went out for a late luncheon, and again the boy saw that his father didn't eat. When they got back he called the hospital.

"She's sleeping," he said. "They're a bit encouraged."

"Will she be home for Christmas?"

"No; but—if she's better we'll go and see her."

"I've got a present for her, daddy. Fanny took me to buy it. Can I take it to her?"

"Yes, if it's nothing big."

"It's a record. It's you singing. She'll like it."

His father started.

"How do you know she'll like it?"

"Because she plays 'em—nights—when she's alone. I guess maybe she was going to listen to you last night, daddy. The radio was all set for that station. I guess she was going to turn it on after she went to bed. It was lucky, wasn't it? I wanted you so, and—and I didn't know where you were or——"

Billy ceased speaking because his father had gone to the window again and wasn't listening. But pretty soon he turned.

"Sonny—I've got to leave you for a little while."

"Please don't," begged Billy, frightened.

His father sat down and took him on his knee.

"Look here, son. There's some one that I must see, and I can't take you with me this time."

"Couldn't you write a letter?"

"Yes; but it would be cowardly to write a letter. You don't want your dad to be a coward, do you?"

The boy shook his head, but his lips trembled.

"Will you be long, daddy?"

"Not longer than I can help. Can you use the telephone?"

Billy nodded, and his father wrote something on a card.

"You can get me here—at this number. If any message comes—about mother, tell them to call me there. Perhaps there's something on the radio that you can listen to while I'm away."

"I think maybe I'll play some records," said the little boy. "I know how; and it'll seem more 'sif you were here."

Billy felt very lonely after his father left. Even the records didn't comfort him. At last he took some of the Christmas-tree trimmings from the box and laid them in a row on the window-sill, ready for evening. He brought the tissue-wrapped packages from his mother's drawer where he knew she had hidden them, feeling of each one curiously as he laid it down. He found a cloth and wiped the dust from the chairs and tables.

"Mother's kind of particular about dust," he told himself, looking around hopefully for something else that she might want done; and then, having exhausted all such possibilities, he sat down in a chair by the window to watch for his father. The minutes passed very slowly, and the early winter twilight began to fall.

"I wish he would come," said Billy to the lonely room.

And at that very moment Richard Gregory was saying, his deep voice strangely shaken: "No, it has nothing to do with her sudden illness. I haven't seen her. I don't even know that she still cares. It's something that's been growing on me for weeks—the feeling that marriage, if it begins with love, as mine did, can't be dissolved merely by

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evidence trumped up for the occasion. Marriage has roots. One may think they are dead, past all reviving; but at an unexpected word—a song—a gesture—they stir uneasily. I'm not saying that such a course is wrong for others—but it would be wrong for me. And for you, too, Beatrice. The thought that you'd trampled another woman's happiness under foot in order to gain your own would some day rise up to strike you—when it was too late. . . . Blame you? . . . My dear—my dear—I blame only myself. . . ."

"I wish daddy would come back," said a lonely little boy as lights began to spring up in the street below; but the Christmas stars were spangling the dark sky before he came.

He came in quietly, looking very sober, and went to the telephone. Mother, it seemed, was better. Billy could see her to-morrow.

"And you too, daddy?"

"Perhaps. I'm sorry to have been away so long, son, but it could not be helped. Now let's eat some bread and milk; and then we'll trim the tree."

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening to that little boy, an evening for which a certain distinguished singer deserved a medal for bravery, though watching his gaiety and antics one wouldn't have guessed it. His own torment he put resolutely aside as, with an heroic effort, he brought smiles to the boy's eyes and laughter to his lips. Under his skilled fingers the tree became a thing of beauty, from the glistening star of Bethlehem at its topmost branch to the myriad lights that shone so gaily when, the last bright bauble in place, they darkened the room and lighted the tree itself.

And then, at his boy's eager request, Richard Gregory did the hardest thing of all—swallowed the lump in his throat and sang the carols, not knowing that at the first golden notes the members of that unfeeling family across the hall had gathered outside the door to listen—and wipe their eyes!

"I wish mother had heard you," said Billy wistfully as the last song ended; but his father, having reached the limit of endurance, did not answer.

"Don't you love Christmas, daddy?"

The man nodded.

"Mother'll be glad to see us, won't she—on Christmas day?" And after a silence: "Can we go in the morning?"

"I—I hope so."

Only when his little boy was happily asleep did Richard Gregory give way to the conflicting emotions that were tearing his bruised heart.

And Christmas morning they went to the hospital.

"We must be very quiet," warned the father as they approached a clean, queer-smelling corridor. "She's been so sick."

"I'll be quiet," Billy promised, clutching a package which daddy had helped him tie with a red ribbon.

"Only ten minutes," cautioned the nurse, and left the room.

Billy glanced toward the bed. His mother's head was turned away a little. Her long, dark hair was braided, hanging down over her shoulders on the white counterpane. Her eyes were closed. The boy moved nearer. He had never seen her like that—so still. . . .

"Mother!"

It was scarcely more than a whisper, but the head on the pillow turned slowly. His mother smiled. How white her face was!

"Mother—it's Christmas! I've brought you a present." He was untying the

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ribbon—tearing the paper. "See! It's a record. It's daddy singing. Do you like it?"

"I—I love it."

With an effort she turned her head still farther until her eyes found what they were seeking. Her husband stood with his back against the door. His face was white, too, thought Billy, terribly white, and for a moment he didn't move. Then mother stretched out a hand, weakly, and something clutched in her fingers fell to the floor as daddy came closer and spoke her name—just that:

"Hilda?"

It seemed like a question. And then, suddenly, he dropped to his knees beside the bed. His face was on the pillow, against hers. Billy was conscious of the scent of roses. A long, long moment passed—two—three. . . . Outside church-bells were ringing . . . Christmas bells! . . . How still the room was. . . .

The boy stooped, lifting the thing that had fallen from his mother's hand. It was a visiting-card; but it had no name on it, only some words from a song in his father's nice neat writing that was so easy for a little boy to read. Billy guessed it was the card that had gone with the red roses, though all it said was: "For my little gypsy sweetheart"—nothing more.

The great American baritone was still kneeling beside the bed when the nurse came in to send them home.

At the Fair

By Charlotte Mish

The grand stand is alive with eager faces,
Gay pennants wave, and happy voices shout;
And now, before the final thrilling races,
Two plain and humble work-horses come out.
They haul the cumbersome and heavy drag
That levels down the turf for races here,
And, as they pass the stand, some country wag
Begins to clap and whistle and to cheer.
The crowd is quick to join in the affair
And rocks the stand with tumult and applause!
The band strikes up a military air!
The two work-horses, startled, turn and pause,
And then they straighten and throw back their heads,
And pull their burden grandly to the tune,
And, prancing as the joyous clamor spreads,
They find their Moment over all too soon.
But they have had their Moment, anyway!
They have been fêted actors in the show!
And afterward, recalling this proud day,
They'll swagger, just a little, as they go.

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Adeste, Fideles

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL
Author of "The Cross," "They Stand, Those Halls—," etc.

"—in fact," concluded the article—from the pen of a brilliant young physician who wrote for the daily press—"sudden and extreme changes in altitude have been known to work veritable miracles in the relief of deafness. There is at least one authenticated case of a man being completely cured by this treatment, who had not heard in ten years. He was taken to an altitude of twenty thousand feet in an airplane, and upon his return to the earth he found his hearing restored. Now the——"

An old, old man, seated before a comfortable grate fire, laid down his paper—partly because he wanted to think, partly because the words he had read stirred him so deeply that the type had blurred and run together before his eyes. His left hand crept to his heart, a gesture which had become almost habitual of late, and for a few moments he seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"Beastly hot in here," he muttered with pathetic bravado; "never did—like—rooms kept—so—warm." Turning, he rang a little bell on his table, and almost immediately a maid appeared at the doorway. "Hot—beastly hot, you know," repeated the old man, trying to control his voice. "Eh—the window—open it."

The girl went to the window, threw it open, and stood for a moment breathing the keen December air. "Why, Doctor Hazlett is coming up the walk!" she exclaimed to herself. "I must run to the door." The old gentleman, seeing her leave the room so abruptly, peered out the window. The doctor again!

Damn that doctor chap! Always coming at the wrong time. Always popping in when his heart was . . . when the room was too hot. . . . Yet—wasn't there something he wanted to ask the doctor to-day? Ah, yes, yes. "Good morning, doctor!" he exclaimed with transparent cheerfulness. "Sit down—sit down! Something I want to ask you before I forget it—getting along in years, you know, and often do forget things—eh, did you see that article in this morning's paper about the altitude cure for deafness—silly rot, I suppose?"

The doctor, busy with stethoscope, did not reply at once; intently he worked, and a close observer might have noticed an occasional grave little shake of his head. When he had completed his examination he reached for the pad of paper which lay on his patient's desk and wrote: "Saw the article. Not rot at all. Quite true in some cases. Not for your heart, though—absolutely fatal—you might live half an hour, perhaps not that long. Mustn't think of it—sorry."

Not a flicker of expression showed in the old man's face as he read the doctor's comments. When he had finished he nodded his head quite casually. "Ah, yes, I see. Of course—of course!" he said.

But after the doctor had left he sat for a long time, looking into the fire, a strange light in his eyes. Finally he

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stirred. "A half an hour. . . . Merciful God . . ." he whispered reverently, and, crossing himself, he buried his face in his hands.

Chapley, the cathedral organist, was a remarkably fine musician. He played the service faultlessly, authoritatively, and with beautiful restraint. Yet there were those among the congregation—real music-lovers—who always waited after the service to hear the old organist emeritus play the postlude. He had been at the cathedral for fifty years, but during the last fifteen years his deafness had prevented him from taking active part in the service—had limited him to such playing as did not call for co-ordination with the clergy and the choir. Under his slender fingers the gigantic organ became a fountain of living water. Old as he was, there was not another organist who could more than approach his virile "attack," the resistless sweeping current of his phrasing. His playing was a great river, fed by a thousand tributaries, flowing inexorably toward the sea. It was a glimpse of divine order, an echo from the march of numberless ages, a fragment from the song of immortality.

Living as he did in a world where sound could not penetrate, flawless technic was sole master of his fingers, while memory and instinct dictated "registration" and shading. When playing he made a picture that one could never forget. The gentlest man alive and the most retiring, anywhere else, at the organ-bench there was more than a touch of pride in his bearing—a sureness that was almost arrogance. His face, with its strong contours, was as immobile as though it had been carved in marble, but his eyes, when he played, smouldered and flamed. There was something heroic in the attitude of the man, indomitably defying the bludgeon which fate had hurled at him, brushing aside his handicap, and, with unshaken courage, going on with his work. . . .

Shortly after his interview with the doctor there came a Sunday when the old organist looked up after even-song to see a tall, clear-eyed young man standing beside the console. How the boy had got past the verger and up into the organ-loft he did not know, but it was rather nice to see so grave and friendly a face. Indicating his ever-ready pad and pencil, the musician smiled and spoke: "Good evening, my boy—I'm deaf, so you'll have to scribble, you know—did you want to look at the organ?" Receiving an eager nod for an answer, the old man's face lighted with an almost childish animation. How he loved to talk to people who liked the organ! For fifteen minutes he chattered away, explaining the various parts of the instrument, the four manuals, the pedals, the myriad stops, couplers, pistons. When he had finished he laid a slender, sensitive hand on the young man's sturdy arm. "And now, my son," he said, "tell me about yourself! Are you, perhaps, a musician? I rather think not, though your forehead shows a distinct musical sense. You see, your hands——"

The boy wrote a few words on the pad and handed it over to him. As the old organist read he sat down suddenly and his face flushed. For almost a minute he remained silent. Then he whispered: "Are you really an airplane pilot?"

Again the cheerful nod.

"Do you ever take any one up with you?" he asked in a shaky voice.

"That's my *business,*" wrote the pilot; "I'm a passenger-plane man."

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"Can you take me as high as twenty thousand feet?"

"Phew!" muttered the youth. "Nothing half-way about this old boy!" and scribbled: "Sure. What's the idea?"

Mutely the aged man tapped his ears —and a look of understanding flickered into the youngster's face, to find an outlet in a rapidly moving pencil. "I've heard about that, too. Come on over to the field some time and I'll take you up."

There was something in the old gentleman's face as he said slowly, "I will . . ." that would have puzzled and disturbed the aviator—had he seen it.

Christmas eve. A light snow dusted the ground, and a crisp and joyous tang flavored the air; it was that hour of the day when dusk hovers anxiously to seek attention for her first star. The voices of excited children playing in an adjoining meadow rang clear and sweet —as chimes filtered through distance lose their dissonance. Indeed, so hushed was the world that the faint rhythmic hum of an invisible airplane seemed like the gentle breathing of sleeping nature.

Suddenly lights flooded the landing-field to repel the invading darkness, and a great revolving beacon pierced the skies. The exhaust of the plane grew louder, then ceased, as, with motor cut off, it soared into sight. Beautifully, daintily, it settled to the ground, whirred to a hangar, and stopped.

"You said you wanted to come down *pronto,*" laughed the pilot as he assisted an aged passenger to the solid earth; "I guess we sure did. Well, here's your taxi—come over again some time!" And off he strode.

The old man swayed uncertainly. Whatever else dropping from the sky did to a man, it surely made his ears roar. . . . What a beastly racket! Suddenly a gasp escaped him. Why—why, this was *sound* breaking in on him, breaking in with a cacophonous clamor. After fifteen years in the vague, cold realms of silence, he was hearing again!

Frantically he clambered into the cab. "Saint Francis's cathedral!" he cried. "Quick!" And his voice sounded in his ears like the clash of cymbals. The drone of the taxi-engine was a jarring din, the rasp of the horn a shattering doomsday crash. A mounting sense of suffocation seized him, and his left hand crept to his heart. "God!" he breathed, "make him hurry—hurry!"

The church. Somehow he got to the chancel. Ah, here was peace again—although his soft footfalls were like the clatter of cavalry. Fumbling at his keys, he threw open the console—pressed the motor-switch. A rumble answered him. Deftly he selected his stops and couplers. His music? He didn't need the printed page. As if there could be any doubt as to what he would play! "Adeste, fideles!" Had no other composition been written before or since that sublime hymn, the world would still be rich in music. . . . If he could only play it through! Confound that throbbing heart of his, its menacing jumps and quick stabs of pain. With a little whimper of impatience he raised his hands and brought them down on the keys.

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant . . ."

Sound awoke to ecstasy, as the organ flung its mighty voice through the chancel. Cleanly, passionately, gloriously the old organist emeritus played. There was no mistaking the master's touch. Even the little gray mouse of a

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verger ceased to patter about the aisles and paused to listen.

"Strange! He hasn't played a hymn in fifteen years!" he squeaked to himself.

Strange indeed was the face of the man at the console, hanging on to consciousness by sheer will-power. Tears streamed down his drawn, ashen cheeks. Christ! To be hearing *this* again!

"Come and behold him,
Born the King of angels:"

Born, that through his mercy an old man might hear him praised once more, in the infinite beauty of a cathedral organ, that through his strength a worn and beaten old heart might pump a few moments longer!

"O come, let us adore him!"

"Venite, adoremus. . . ." The aged musician trembled. Now he would use the new giant reeds, the new pedal Bombarde—he would hear them instead of just feeling their vibration! But where were they? He could see but a swirling mist before him, punctuated by little patches of black and white. His breath came in spasms of agony. . . .

"Mother of God!" he breathed, as, faltering, he desperately groped over the stop-board. His fingers, strong to the last, found the stops he sought, and his foot, impelled by no conscious impulse, brought "full organ" into life.

"O come, let us adore him!
Christ, the Lord!"

he played, and in cataclysmic tumult the great reeds blared forth, to cut through the gorgeous body of organ tone and beat upon the deflecting walls, to boom and rattle through the transept. Up in the lofty nave little particles of dust, centuries old, quivered and loosed their hold on the rose window, that they might dance. . . .

Blinded with rapture, the old organist heard the last echo leap from the soaring arches, roll and tumble across the flagstone floor. With a shuddering sob he slid from the organ-bench and fell to his knees.

"Yea, Lord, we greet thee—" he whispered.

Then, from the exaltation written upon his face when they found him, another organ must have taken up the hymn. . . .

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The Village Atheist

E. W. HOWE, PURVEYOR OF PLAIN THOUGHTS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE

BY GERALD CARSON

E. W. Howe is a shrewd old man who draws his strength from the corn-lands of Kansas and who ever wears the homespun fabric of common sense. It is his task to think plain thoughts for plain people.

Once a country editor collecting local items on the streets of a country town, Mr. Howe has become a picturesque national figure. His maxims and apologues, as Franklin's were a hundred and fifty years ago, have been repeated and bandied about until they have in many instances quite lost their paternity. In them he has given expression to the ideas and aspirations which millions of ordinary Americans recognize as their own. If Mr. Howe is an interesting figure—and he is—it is because he has become our most eminent prairie exponent of the American way of thinking.

There is no better place to take Mr. Howe than in his approach to religion, a subject upon which he has meditated long and said a great deal. An unsympathetic, indeed an uncomprehending, critic of those forms of religion which have come under his attention, Mr. Howe has evaluated them in accordance with his experience in an actual world, and announced his conclusions with a homely aptness and candor which have made him the modern exemplar of the Village Atheist.

In small towns, where men are not ground smooth by milling crowds, they keep their sharp corners, and most particularly the man who differs upon some vital point—such as religion or politics—from the general run. The tolerance of the American community for heresy is nicely adjusted. A man may be an atheist. He may be a Socialist or a Single Taxer. But he would hardly dare to have grave doubts and criticise the government too. Mr. Howe, who for fifty years and more has been publicly accepting the universe—with reservations—is eminently the type; shrewd, human, incisive, wily, more than a little provoking and insensitive, but unimpeachably honest.

What Mr. Howe first knew as religion was the religion of the frontier just after the frontier had crossed the Mississippi River. It was religion in its hardest, most evangelical aspect, and Mr. Howe, a young man in a country newspaper office with the itch to write, became an acute and an unsympathetic commentator upon the doctrines of Calvin as they acclimated themselves to Missouri and Kansas.

At night, after the day's work was done, Mr. Howe wrote novels; whether by special election or because fiction was the conventional means of easing the pen, I do not know. At any rate his "Story of a Country Town" played an important part in the painful new effort of the '80s to record sober truth,

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and the picture of pioneer religion which the novel contained contributed importantly to the drab naturalistic effects which Mr. Howe set out to secure.

Like ministers, heretics have to be especially virtuous. In each case it is a professional necessity. After the heat of his youth had passed, Mr. Howe was not only a virtuous heretic, he was also a silent one. During this period he devoted himself to accumulation, developing the Atchison *Globe,* of which he was proprietor, into an extraordinarily valuable property, as country dailies go. But in 1911, at the age of fifty-seven, Mr. Howe announced his retirement from journalism. He settled down on his farm, Potato Hill, a few miles out of Atchison, where on a high point of land overlooking the Missouri River he could putter around, drink buttermilk, and do one thing which he could not quite do in running a commercial newspaper—say exactly what he wanted to say. So Mr. Howe founded his own personal organ, *E. W. Howe's Monthly,* a wretchedly printed sheet devoted to "indignation and information," which each month deals in Mr. Howe's own vein with matter which he considers to be "true, important, decent, and respectable."

Mr. Howe's *novissima verba* upon religion are more illuminating if placed against the background of his general ideas. He believes implicitly in the capacity of the common man to find the truth, and believes that the truth—the truth about living and human nature and our world—is comparatively simple. Like all men of the rationalist temperament, Mr. Howe takes his stand on palpable fact, and never does he question whether all facts are palpable.

"I have never encountered what I thought was a plain, practical system of philosophy," says Mr. Howe, "and shall endeavor to present one.

"I do not regard the task as difficult. I know only simple things, and am convinced that others do not know more. . . . I believe in anything that can be demonstrated, but know no wonderful thing except that so many refuse to learn the simple and important lessons of life."

And so the sage confounds himself even in his wisdom; for either we do lack the understanding which he imputes to us, or the important things in life are not so simple as he declares; for it is certain that the majority of mankind have found the way hard and the results equivocal. The only trouble with the wisdom of E. W. Howe, like that of many another aphorist, is that so often it isn't true.

Mr. Howe particularly likes reality and plain speaking in dealing with women and labor-unions. Both, he thinks, have been pampered too much. He looks with benevolent eye upon big business, deploring the tendency to distrust the railroads and public-utility companies—"all great blessings are conducted with rare ability and average honesty." Thus prosperity becomes the measure of desert, or, to adopt one of Mr. Howe's favorite words, of "respectability." Naturally this implies a world of masters and men, an aristocracy of talent. As Mr. Howe expresses it: "The masters are the men of most sense." And the task of the masters is ready at hand for them. "The world is made up of a great mob, and nothing will influence it so much as the lash."

There is no milky humanitarianism about Mr. Howe. One catches a strange odor—can it be a whiff of ancestral Calvinism?—in this passage:

"We must not overdo sympathy.

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When an Upper Dog (the sheriff) has a criminal (an Under Dog) in charge, we must remember that punishment of wrong-doers is as necessary in morality as rewarding the worthy. To hang some men is as certainly justice as is acclaiming Abraham Lincoln. Children are whipped for small offenses; surely grown men should be for theft and murder. If we wish our homes and families to be secure, we must resent outrages against them. If wrong-doing ever becomes profitable, good-by morality. Maudlin sympathy for evil-doers is immoral; it isn't sympathy at all: it is mischief—reflex from bad minds."

Within the limits of the established order, and within the limits of thrift, politeness, and industry, Mr. Howe, like a modern Poor Richard, sees possibilities of material success in life which ought to fire the imagination of the dullest clod. That is the sense in which he is a democratic optimist, and that is the quality of the imagination to which he appeals. Those who hustle in humble places will be drafted to keep up the superior class, run the big businesses of the country, and rule the mob.

The career that Mr. Howe fondly likes to think of as essentially American is that of the poor boy who goes to work seriously very early—about the time, say, that Mr. Howe himself did—and keeps right at it until he is an expert artisan or mechanic. When he is thirty or so and an expert in his line, Mr. Howe's hero sets up for himself in a small way, and by twenty years more of diligent work he acquires a fortune and becomes a benefactor to the community, affording his fellow citizens jobs and a model character to contemplate. Thus Mr. Howe illustrates well how the radical temper often attaches itself to conservative principles; for while he has upheld the tradition of dissent of the Village Atheist, he has disarmed his enemies by being a prose laureate of the middle-class virtues and American business.

If Mr. Howe has in him neither subtlety nor imagination nor the poetry of faith, he has something that the average American regards even more highly than all these—the infectious and democratic laughter of one who regards his fellow man with shrewd but indulgent eyes. Who that calls himself an American can fail to respond to the quality of the pawky humor of Mr. Howe's prose Spoon River, "The Anthology of Another Town"?

"Sandy McPherson, the barber, says he charges five dollars for shaving a dead man because he is compelled to throw away the razor he uses. But how do we know he throws the razor away?"

And who that knows what the mail-order houses mean in farm and village can fail to recognize this?

"Ben Bradford, known to be a little gay, says the first time he kissed a woman other than his wife, he felt as sneaking as he did when he first began buying of Montgomery Ward & Co. But Ben gradually became hardened, and many say he now trades with Sears-Roebuck, too."

Another beam of humor, as autochthonous as the cornfields of the Middle West:

"A good many observers say Pilson Blair is enjoying his second wife as much as the Widow Sayer enjoys the life insurance she collected from the lodge."

One could not feel any general affection for this land and for the broad stream of American life without feeling some regard for E. W. Howe, who, like Mark Twain, is representative of

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the ebullient, rowdy wit of the West. A whole order of society is compacted in his remark about "Pilson Blair" and "Ben Bradford." Assuredly, Mr. Howe has not revolted against this world. He loves it. He loves it too much, perhaps. He thinks and feels as it thinks and feels; and the glimpses he affords us of rustic doctrinal differences, of widows with lodge money, which he catches and fixes with careless art, are vivid and sharp in outline, and always informed with the spirit of his own point of view.

Like all good Americans, Mr. Howe is a great traveller. In the far places of the earth which he has visited he has found pleasant confirmation for the wisdom about human nature which he garnered in Atchison.

For example: the manager of a sugar-plantation who, Mr. Howe says, receives eighteen thousand dollars a year for being smarter than his two thousand employees, told Mr. Howe that when any body of men engage in a disreputable transaction somebody always tells. Says Mr. Howe, moralizing: "If you engage in any kind of dirty work, remember that some one will know about it, and sell you out."

Again: an English clergyman, and a Presbyterian, too, told Mr. Howe that in face of modernism the best thing for his people, he concluded, was fairness, politeness, temperance, and industry. Speaking curiously like a Kansas philosopher, the English clergyman said: "I could come to no other conclusion than that the oldest and simplest doctrine is the best." The voice is the voice of Isaac; but the hands are the hands of Esau!

E. W. Howe regards all forms of altruism or ideal effort with deep distrust, speaking frequently of "the necessity of remedying the remedies," and of milk spoiled with too much preservative. Yet it is interesting to note that when Mr. Howe addresses this generation, which has such scant respect for history or vicarious wisdom, the rural sage relies as completely as do such erudite and Olympian gentlemen as Professor Irving Babbitt or Mr. Paul Elmer More upon the experience of the race. Before us millions of men have lived millions of years. "Real philosophy is no more than simple things every one knows to be true and unchanging."

Mr. Howe speaks with something that almost approaches eloquence of the good life as being a broad highway which countless generations have trod, marked clearly at every turn with the signs they have set up. Always some have left it and gone down to death for their temerity, and always they have cried out as they expired: "Keep to the highway."

Yet the mood of elevation which Mr. Howe almost induces is quickly dispelled, because his intent is so purely utilitarian. He does not bother with inner tranquillity nor with spiritual or emotional stresses. The safe way is clear; let the people follow it. Let people espouse good conduct, because there is danger and punishment in not doing so. In that, all Mr. Howe's values are satisfied. If people act well, he says, don't ask why.

The facility of that profoundly insensitive conclusion signifies how far Mr. Howe comes from serving the needs of the times. It marks him as a figure historically interesting, but solitary, standing in the twilight of common sense, fingering the battered formulas which the deists wrought two hundred years ago, and which rough-and-ready rationalists have wielded ever since.

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Our age is pledged to science. This, it is true, implies a rationalistic approach to the world; but it is one having little or nothing in common with the dialectics of those sturdy old fellows who were ever at proving syllogistically by water-tight logic that the universe is operated in the interests of benevolence and that life is simple. A newer generation, with saddening precocity, has learned that all the world's knowledge is at best tentative, partial, limiting; that we do not, in this life, ever get at the *whole* truth, and that what we do get may not be interpreted with certainty.

It would appear as inevitable that a man so bent upon the useful rather than the true should some day hit upon the observation that organized religion, while indefensible from a rational point of view, does fulfil a human need, and so should perhaps be tolerated for its utility while we wink at its truth. This has happened to E. W. Howe.

"Although I do not believe in a single church dogma, as I grow older, and survey life with more experience and understanding (I hope), I am more friendly to the church; less in sympathy with the tremendous and constant attacks on it. The church organization by no stretch of imagination or prejudice can be made as bad as some others. . . . Nearly every pastor is at least a kindly man, teaching the simple proprieties."

The matter goes even farther than that. His lack of sympathy with Protestant Christianity, coupled perhaps with some suspicion as to its historicity, and with his taste for music, has opened the channels of Mr. Howe's tolerance toward an even older and more elaborate religious institution.

"I was brought up a Methodist, but when once I went abroad, and visited many cathedrals, the soft music, the impressive ceremonies, the peal of the bells, the smoking censers, the paintings and the figures (and the entire absence of preaching and collections), almost induced me to join."

Mr. Howe's shy comment on the bells and censers is an impressive tribute to the æsthetic appeal of the Roman Catholic Church. But both his ingrained evangelical background and his temperament make it extremely unlikely, even in the moderate mood of his later years, that he will ever fall into the arms of Rome.

Mr. Howe's father was a preacher; but he married an Irwin. We are not told much about the Irwins; but one feels that such reticence must be significant. Although the Irwin chromozones broke the long chain of faith that came down intact to Edgar W. Howe, Mr. Howe, as we see, does nevertheless feel a tolerant interest in "the fight being made for hymns and prayer," even as he writes the cause of Calvary a lost cause. In Indiana, before the Howe tribe started for the West, all the Howes had been stanch Methodists. And in spite of all the Irwin rationalism and obstinacy, and in spite of cathedrals and smoking censers and soft music, Mr. Howe attests the solidarity of the Methodist way of thinking:

"I never pass a Methodist church that I do not think of it as *our* church. When a new Methodist pastor is appointed in my community, I wonder if I shall like him; although actually I shall never hear him preach, and probably never see him. If I hear he is a great pulpit orator (this is usually said of all of them soon after they take a new congregation), I am proud, and think *we Methodists* have the real doctrine, and the real men behind it. And when the

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inevitable row develops, and I hear my brethren are trying to get rid of the pulpit orator, I take sides; usually I am for him, because I haven't seen him and haven't heard him. The explanation is, my father was a Methodist, and so were our neighbors when I was a boy. I heard of the South Methodists and Campbellites saying mean things about us, and I dislike them to this day. The Campbellite believes in immersion, or complete baptism; we believe in sprinkling. While I believe neither in baptism nor sprinkling, to this day I believe more in sprinkling than in baptism."

First and last, E. W. Howe is interested only in conduct, and if he has developed a tolerance for religion, it is because he perceives that "religion is organized morality." Symbolical or poetic truth finds him unresponsive. Unresponsive? More than that; hostile. He prefers a treatise on bee culture to Emerson's essays, a freight-car to a fine poem, an office-building to a temple. A life-long critic and writer himself, Mr. Howe has frequently certified to the vanity of literature, with especially frequent reference to Emerson, whose usefulness and honesty of purpose he has not hesitated to asperse. "Emerson left posterity nothing except criticism, witticisms, and dreams; he did not invent a better plough, or any one of the thousand other conveniences credited to plain men out of the ranks, and which have proved of much more use to the world than Emerson's essays or poems."

When Mr. Howe tells us that he is "without spiritual, ideal, or Communist connections," we are somewhat prepared for what he would have to offer in appreciation of Shelley:

"Shelley, the poet, is a famous man; not because of his poetry, but because he was the greatest fool of all time. I am very familiar with Shelley, but have never read a line of his poetry."

While it may be urged that Mr. Howe is somewhat underdeveloped æsthetically, he does find satisfaction for his emotional and imaginative nature. He feels deeply and sensitively the beauty of useful objects. "The old world is cluttered up with art work in places where bridges, modern buildings, dams, canals, are greatly needed. Our modern structures for practical use are sufficiently beautiful."

Again: "I am often delayed when on my way to see a public building or museum by stopping to look at a good grocery-store, or other convenience necessary to every one. I like common things; grocery-stores, factories, kitchens, vegetable and flower gardens, dairies, stock-farms."

This lover of stock-farms and vegetable-gardens has sent his own roots deep, deep down into the soil. The appeal of his own land and people moves E. W. Howe—I won't say to a feeling that is poetic; but it is recognizably near to it, and it is an emotion which lies sweet upon the tongue of all who have had a home-coming. I quote from a passage which occurs near the end of a travel book:

"We landed at 10 A. M. and greatly admired every man, woman, child, and building we saw." Specifically, they admired Pennsylvania Station, Grand Central, the subway, the luncheon they ate; and even the pine barrens of New Jersey, as they took off on the long journey westward, though Howe admitted reluctantly that New Jersey was not a fair sample of "home." "But how we enjoyed seeing it! The green at Home is a healthier and better-looking green than the green in the tropics." Passing through Ohio and Indiana, Mr.

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Howe observed that "Our enthusiasm is increasing." Then comes the last day.

"This morning, when the conductor came in to take my tickets, he said:

" 'Why, hello!'

"I knew him; we were getting almost in sight of Home. When we went into the dining-car, the negro waiter spoke to us by name. . . . Shortly afterward the conductor sat down beside us, and, looking out of the south window, said:

" 'I never knew before you could see Potato Hill so plainly from this side of the river!'

"Then the Pullman conductor came in, and said:

" 'The next station is Atchison!' "

The next station is Atchison! I have never been in Atchison, nor have you, perhaps; but I have gone home, and so have you. I have heard the conductor say, "The next station is home," and it satisfies as food satisfies hunger and brings contentment. All good Americans "go home" some time. The phrase explains itself, and all who have a home and have gone to it will feel the tug of recognition at Mr. Howe's home-coming, for it is good to stamp upon one's own ground. When E. W. Howe communicates to us this poignant *heimweh,* he seems, for the moment, to be uplifted and transfigured, clad in more shining raiment than his ordinary homespun; and he gives us a lift of the heart and imagination that is rare and precious; for the love which other men accord to poetry, or to God, Mr. Howe has bestowed upon Atchison.

A Burglar's Apology

BY J. P. GROVER

I SHOULD, according to the best traditions of the reformed, assume a melodramatic posture, level my right index finger at some female, and in a voice trembling with emotion declare, "There is the cause of my downfall"—and then lead the mob in stoning her. The facts are entirely different. Nearly every girl with whom I was friendly during my career of burglary tried to steer me to the straight and narrow.

The truth of the matter is—I was tired of chasing a street-car every morning. The humdrum existence of my native New England city irked me. Life there was a very dull affair. One was merely born, raised, married, and had generally three children, and then one struggled to hold down the job till death.

The younger generation seemed content to follow in this monotonous wake. Every one in my crowd had a steady girl whom they would, two or three times a week, escort to some respectable dance or to a decent theatre. Seeing the girl home, they would, if fortunate, receive a circumspect good-night kiss.

Later, gathered at the Greek's for

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midnight coffee, they would render a Paul Bunyan-like version of the evening's doings, usually beginning with the kiss.

Even though they were mere youths, life was already fairly complete for these chaps. They had been born and raised, had secured a job and a girl. All that remained was to marry and die. I could have, at any hour, made a very accurate guess as to where I would be at that specific moment six months later. In my week there were only two welcome days, Sunday, the day of rest, and payday. I received the final urge one morning when the boss spoke to me sourly. I quit—and knew that I had crossed the Rubicon.

The first accommodating freight-train took me out of town. My destination was immaterial—I was travelling and would encounter some excitement, and that was important. I would hobo across the continent, but the problem of how to live while doing so confronted me. I decided to capitalize my natural ability at playing pool; therefore, I would work in the larger cities on my itinerary, and devote all my spare time to acquiring further skill in the game. After a brief job at the University Club in Buffalo I blossomed out as a full-fledged pool shark. Travelling constantly, I naturally came in contact with pickpockets, cheaters, shoplifters, and what-nots, and eventually I became friendly with a very capable burglar who regaled me with vivid accounts of his profession.

The excitement of his career appealed to me greatly—and had a vaguely familiar tone about it. I soon recalled why. In my kid days I had lived the life many times with the heroes of crook stories. While the other boys were idolizing some popular boxer or ball-player, on my heroic pedestal was to be found some dashing gentleman crook of fiction. With this background, I was very susceptible to my friend's tales, and by completely stifling the natural objections voiced by my conscience, which was rather hoarse at the time, I entered the profession whole-heartedly, determined to learn the "racket" thoroughly.

During the perpetration of my first few thefts I was a terribly scared burglar. It was hurry — hurry — hurry, make no noise—perhaps the residents will return and catch me red-handed—is that some one in the hallway? Any strange noise would put my heart in my throat and cause me to beat a hasty retreat, ofttimes empty-handed—but it was thrilling. It seemed that at last I was in my realm.

In my tyro days I was imbued with a feeling of perpetual and unnatural excitement. I was constantly on edge and always felt expectant—of what I did not know. The constant tenseness of the life held me fast. I was forever on tiptoes mentally, and found it impossible to concentrate on anything for more than a minute. My whirligig of a life had suddenly assumed an abnormally fast gait, and I found it a rather bewildering task to keep in step. I noticed also that I was becoming cynical—something I detest, as being the cry of a loser—and I tried hard, though with questionable success, to smother this feeling. I hardly believe that I was ever normal in these days, being instead a mere bundle of nerves constantly on the alert lest I overlook any excitement.

I realized that nervousness on the job was handicapping me, so I took measures to overcome it. For the succeeding two months my first act on entering an apartment was to open the ice-box

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and force myself to eat a very nonchalant meal. On other occasions I would play a record on the victrola and steel myself to listen attentively. The resultant forced calmness soon became a natural one and, further to protect myself on this score, I adopted the fatalistic credo of "If I am to be caught, it will happen in spite of everything."

Later, as I became fairly expert, I worked in more leisurely fashion and refused to be hurried. I stole nothing but furs and jewelry, of which I had gained a very fair knowledge, and consequently I had to scrutinize anything before taking it. Occasionally I would enjoy an interesting chapter of some one's novel for no other reason than to satisfy my bump of egotism and to prove to my warped mind that I was as nerveless as the heroes of my youth.

In two years' time I had collected toll in most of the major cities of the country, and the game still held me as though hypnotized. The ethics of the business would bother me periodically, but never for long, as I would immediately solace myself with the accepted thievish version of life.

This version provided for only two classes in the world's population. On one hand were the "suckers" and on the other were the "hustlers." The former included every one who lived honestly and the latter consisted of those, like myself, who gained their living through their wits. All of the first-named class were considered "hoosiers" and open game, created by God for no other purpose than that the others may steal their earnings.

I had also my personal, though mad, version of life. I maintained that burglars, like the poor, will be with us always, and that it was the duty of the public to guard themselves. Therefore life was nothing more than a battle, or game, between the householders and the burglars, with the former on the defense and the latter carrying the attack. Should the defense be weak, the penalty was loss of valued possession, and in the event of a poor attack the penalty was prison.

Every locked door was nothing more than a challenge to my ability. I held that any woman who locked a costly fur behind a door that could be opened with an ordinary pass-key deserved to lose it. Further, I figured that in so doing she was, in reality, betting me the furs that I couldn't open that specific door—and generally she was in error. Burglary at this time was more than a profession with me—it was a mania. I regarded the business in exactly the same light as a dope fiend considers his morphine.

In New Orleans, in a moment of sanity, I decided to try to shake off this hold of burglary. I realized that it could not be accomplished with a mere wave of the hand. I resolved to try some other racket and in a gradual manner wean myself away from the game. Honest work, with its constant routine and a boss in the offing, seemed intolerable, temporarily at least.

I had some difficulty in leaving the town, however. I had heard many times that train No. 101 on the Southern Pacific was "tough to beat" going West, so I, to enjoy the excitement of it, decided to ascertain definitely just how difficult a proposition it was. My first effort resulted in some judge giving me "twenty-four hours to leave town," but, undaunted, I tried again, and as a result spent an enforced vacation of ten days in the Jefferson Parish jail in Gretna, across from the Crescent City. I was insistent now, and on my

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third endeavor I rode it into Beaumont. I tried most of the common forms of thievery. I "filled" in with "cannons" or pickpockets, "steered" for dice games, "stalled" for "boosters" or shoplifters, and "located" for hijackers, and in the end I joined forces with a clever dice-hustler. When I had become fairly conversant with the intricacies of this pastime we made a trip to Alaska, nominally to can salmon, but in reality to beat the fishermen and others for their money. We enjoyed a fairly successful and very exciting trip and returned to San Francisco.

I immediately headed for Los Angeles. Once there, I found that many embryo burglars were making big money and, in spite of everything, I again fell victim to the lure of my former business.

I started operations anew and found the old "kick" still there. My temporary lay-off had merely whetted my burglarious appetite rather than appeased it. It was the first time that I had stayed in any city more than two months, and consequently I became familiar with the rest of the fraternity and had ample opportunity to study them. I learned many surprising facts that somehow had managed to escape my attention previously.

Stool-pigeons were rampant, and when a gang of criminals were apprehended it immediately developed into a race to see which one could first get into the hands of the police a confession implicating the others. Honor was passé, the little left being divided between certain women and a few fellows from the "old school."

One thief shows no compunction in beating another. It is strictly a dog-eat-dog proposition and no one is immune. The cleverest thieves, I found, were the confidence men. Success in this racket entails a vast amount of patience, cunning, and daring. The most stupid characters undoubtedly are the common "stick-up" men. They are usually suffering from a "hard-guy" complex. They wish to be tough but don't know how.

A thief, though brilliant in his own line, is always a sucker for somebody else. Pickpockets practically donate their earnings to the race-tracks. Gambling, booze, and women will account for 70 per cent of their loot. Women especially, due to the amazing vanity of thieves, find them wonderfully easy marks.

Vanity is really the basic cause of most crimes. The average crook, on disposing of his loot, will look up some girl, flash her his roll, and then stage a party that most times will leave him broke and with nothing in return other than the customary "big head." But his ego has been appeased. He figures, or rather hopes, that the girl will consider him a "pretty smart kid," a "big operator," and a good fellow. They dub themselves smart guys, but really they are very stupid.

I doubled up with a chap named Ray, and we bought a bungalow and lived there with our girls for a long time. We got along very well, which in itself is quite a rarity. The usual tactics consist of one fellow trying his luck with his friend's girl, and in the event of success he deems it a feather in his hat and worthy of being divulged to some supposedly discreet cronies. But thieves are like old women—they must gossip—and eventually the story reaches the injured party and then the fireworks start.

My girl, "Blond May," was a shoplifter, and Eva had another, less dan-

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gerous, method of collecting the coin of the realm. We each worked separately, in spite of the fact that Ray also was a prowler, and things progressed merrily. I achieved quite a reputation among my ilk and was content.

One early morning a bootlegger whom I knew well and trusted implicitly was arrested red-handed. This had been his livelihood and he was considered the acme of everything trustworthy in the minds of the rest of the underworld. Occasionally he would "beat up" some known stool-pigeon on general principles.

He went to trial, and in case of conviction could have received no more than six months, which, in the vernacular, "he could do on his ear." He had no alibi and realized it, but insisted on entering a plea of "Not Guilty." This caused a slight arching of eyebrows among the fraternity, but it was assumed that some one had been "reached" or bribed.

To the amazement of every one his defense was that, while he admittedly sold the liquor, he claimed the business belonged to and was financed by his mother and sister—which was a lie and most of us knew it. To avoid doing six months' time this alleged man, "the acme of trust," was willing, by lying, to implicate his mother and sister and assist in sending them to jail in his rightful place. Disgusting — but nothing unusual. I realized then that the game was losing its thrill and was, after all, only a cold-blooded business matter. I actually felt disappointed. I felt exactly as I did when I first learned definitely that Santa Claus was a myth. I should then have blown town, but it really was burglar's paradise. I tempted Fate and remained.

Fate heeded my challenge — and won, with the arrest of Ray. When put to the test he proved a weakling and turned informer. He immediately implicated a "fence" (one who buys stolen property) with whom we both had done business. For this Ray received immunity.

Naturally, the next step and the usual one was for the fence to try to bargain for his freedom by implicating others. I was his first victim, and that very evening while at dinner I was whisked away to police headquarters and confronted with Ray and the fence. The former, seeing the possibility of losing the immunity, joined forces with the fence, and between them they built up such a hopelessly incriminating case against me that the best lawyer in town advised me to "waive everything and go to prison, for the sooner you get there the sooner you will be free." As I had no possible egress, I took the gentleman's advice. Ray was received by most of the fraternity as though he had done some commendable feat. They would have patted Benedict Arnold on the back with the comment: "Well, old man, you did the right thing at the opportune moment."

The sentence was seven and a half years, and as I did it all, less four months, I had plenty of time for retrospection. I mulled over and considered matters from every possible angle and invariably arrived at the same conclusion. The "game" had become a business. The thrill was in the novelty of it. Honor among thieves is mostly a myth. I'll seek my excitement elsewhere.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

At a small dinner-party given by Sir James Barrie in his London apartment overlooking the river we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw. If I had to describe the temperament of this famous Irishman in one word, I should use the word *happy*. He seemed the happiest man I have met this summer, and I have met many cheerful individuals. He is seventy-two years old, but has the springy alertness of youth not only in his mind, which might be expected, but in his body. As Mr. Service expresses it, he has the mind of a savant in the body of a savage. He is over six feet, spare, active, and agile, so that his voluminous snowy beard seems incongruous, as though it were some histrionic mask. As a rule, beards, unless closely trimmed, look untidy; they are often discolored in various sections, so that the general effect is unattractive. Mr. Shaw's beard, like his hair, is evenly white—it is the *cleanest* beard I ever saw. The whole effect of his clothes, beard, and general appearance is so clean as to look antiseptic, his only resemblance to the members of a profession he so often attacks. I observed that he ate no meat, drank no alcohol, and declined to smoke. Whatever may be true of others, he needs no wine to stimulate his dinner conversation or to elevate his spirit. He is the only person who has ever come anywhere near to converting me to vegetarianism. He is a magnificent advertisement of his dietary doctrines. If abstinence from meat, wine, and tobacco can make a man in the seventies so radiantly healthy, buoyant, and resilient, the experiment might be worth trying.

His keen blue eyes sparkled as he told one good story after another. He gave many good-humored and diverting reminiscences of the actor Henry Irving. Irving's voice and articulation were not good; when he spoke slowly, he was clear enough, but when he increased in speed, his words turned into a series of grunts. Mr. Shaw gave a remarkable imitation of him. At this point the conversation turned on distinct enunciation and the correct pronunciation of English. Mr. Shaw is a member of a committee which determines the pronunciation of English for the professional broadcasters; for it is hoped that broadcasting may be used to standardize and improve the general pronunciation of English words. He said that one difficulty arises from the fact that no two cultivated persons pronounce words exactly alike. For example, he was certain that no two persons, no matter how fastidious in their speech, would pronounce the word *Cross* in the same way. (Of course one of the most noticeable differences between American and British pronunciation is observable in the letter o. The average American pronounces "motor" quite differently from the average Englishman.) The committee, which was very small, had, as I remember, one Irishman, one Scot, one Welshman, and only one Englishman.

Mr. Shaw was interested in the movietone, and spoke of it with anima-

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tion and emphasis. When he was asked to appear in the movietone he took charge of the whole affair himself, directed it, managed it, used his voice according to his own judgment, and the result was a complete success. He described his method with abundant illustrations. "I come forward through the shrubbery, blow my nose—" Mrs. Shaw inquired: "And why, Bernard, did you blow your nose?" "Because I wanted to give the effect of naturalness, informality." Later we went to a London movietone, and it was immensely interesting to see him appear on the screen so soon after talking with him. He came forward in a golf suit, consulted his watch, blew his nose, and gave an entertaining monologue. Of all our modern miracles, the movietone is perhaps the most amazing.

We asked him if he would be kind enough to sign his name in our copy of the first edition of his new book "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." As he drew his pen—a pen drawn in many battles—he asked: "What day is this?" "Well, this is the 12th of July, a day that many regard as important in the history of Ireland, but to us it is even more Irishly significant, for it is the birthday of our Irish setter, Rufus H. Phelps." He gravely pretended to share our emotion, and after signing his name, wrote "Rufus's birthday."

Mrs. Shaw is a charming Irish woman, and she may accurately be described in the language Ibsen used when replying to an impertinent question concerning his wife. Ibsen said: "She suits me exactly."

The best literary news of this year is the preparation of the play "Peter Pan" for publication, which, together with a collected edition of Barrie's dramatic works, will appear this autumn. I call this the best news, because no other work of our time seems more sure of immortality. The author, with his usual sincere and unpretentious manner, spoke quite freely about this and many other things. He was naturally gratified by the success in America of Helen Hayes with the revival of "What Every Woman Knows." I told him of the memorable first night in New York of "Dear Brutus," when it was produced at the Empire Theatre by William Gillette, and how in three hours a sixteen-year-old girl, Helen Hayes, leaped from obscurity to fame, and of how her subsequent career completely justified the verdict of that first-night audience. We talked of Arnold Bennett's new play "The Return Journey," and I remarked that after an excellent first act there was a sad decline, the last act being positively bad. I asked if it were not true that the last act is always the most difficult to write, as is shown by the fact that it is often so disappointing. Sir James agreed with this, and told me of one of his most famous plays, where he wrote the last act before he had written a word of the other two. It was the only time he had done such a thing. I will leave my readers to guess which play it is.

Barrie spoke highly of the work of Eva Le Gallienne and of her courage in founding the Civic Repertory Theatre. I hope he will give his permission so that she can produce "Peter Pan" every Christmastide in New York, as is the custom in London.

He also gave reminiscences of Irving, and said there was something compelling about Irving's personality, so that when he was acting, no matter how many persons there might be on the

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stage, you saw only Irving. I told him that many people still believed that he, and not Daisy Ashford, had written "The Young Visiters." There is not the slightest foundation for such a belief; Daisy Ashford was and is a real person, and composed that novel when a child. When he wrote the preface to "The Young Visiters" he had never seen the author, though he met her afterward. I suggested that there was one expression in the book which proved to my mind that it was written by a child. "Mr. Salteena got *down* from his chair." Barrie smiled and said: "No, I think I might have written that, although I did not."

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that my admiration for Barrie's character and personality equals my enthusiasm for his art. He is a Scot, and is characteristically reserved and undemonstrative. But it is impossible to be in his presence without feeling his profound sincerity, both as an artist and as a man, and also his deep and unaffected sympathy. He has a positive genius for friendship; he was one of the most intimate friends of George Meredith; during the last twenty years of Hardy's life he was closer to him than any other man; he enjoyed the devoted affection of Henry James; and he has been a lifelong friend of Bernard Shaw. I began reading Barrie's works in 1891, and I have never wavered in my faith that he is a man of genius; but I will add that every time I meet him and talk with him I feel that he himself is greater than any of his books; and I believe that there are no greater dramas of our time than "The Admirable Crichton" and "Dear Brutus."

In front of Barrie's home on the Embankment, stands Cleopatra's Needle. During the war a bomb from a Zeppelin fell close to it and tore out pieces from the pedestal, from the pavement, and from the adjoining stone river wall; and in the very room in his apartment where we were sitting there were gathered together one evening during the war a remarkable group of men of letters. On account of air raids no general illumination was allowed. One lighted candle was placed on the floor, and sitting around it, engaged in conversation, were J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett. I am certain that the Germans are very glad that no bomb hit that building.

We stepped outside on the balcony surrounding his flat, which looks out over the Embankment all along the river. This is holy ground to the lover of literature. In an adjoining street Rousseau came and lodged with David Hume. Just below us was the inn where the Pickwick Club started on their famous journey. Doctor Johnson and Boswell had many conversations in the house next door. Thomas Hardy worked in the same block for several years as an architect. A house in the next street, plainly visible, was the place where "Milady" stayed on her famous visit to London in "The Three Musketeers." On my expressing my unlimited enthusiasm for that series of tales, Sir James said: "It is undoubtedly the best story ever written."

He showed me some books owned by Thomas Hardy when Hardy was a small boy. One was a compendium of athletic games, a kind of sportsman's manual, containing also directions for fishing, the care of dogs, birds, etc. A short time ago some one gave Barrie a canary. He knew nothing about taking care of canaries, but he remembered

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Hardy's boy's book. Consulting it, he found complete directions for the diet and regimen of canaries. He had been following these directions, and the bird prospered. Another book, owned by Hardy when he was twenty-five, was a copy of the poems of Shelley. Hardy had marked page after page, underlining words that especially appealed to him.

Barrie spoke enthusiastically of Thornton Wilder's novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and said that it should awaken pride in Americans for two reasons. First, that so beautiful and distinguished a work of art should be written by an American, second, that it should be the best-selling book in the United States. He thought that was good evidence that there were thousands of Americans who immediately recognize and love the best literature. I asked him what he thought of the familiar excuse expressed by some publishers, newspaper editors, and theatre managers, when they produce trash, that they do this because it is "what the public wants." He thought it was a flimsy excuse, because the public really want not the worst, but the best; in nearly every instance when trash does become popular it becomes popular because there is something in it really fine, which makes a genuine appeal to human nature. "It is not the worst things in art that make a work circulate largely, it is the best."

I spoke of the unhappiness suffered by many writers when they see their vogue declining, and younger men taking their places, as Ibsen expressed it in "The Master Builder," with the younger generation "knocking at the door." He said he often felt that the love of money was not the root of all evil, but rather jealousy. That is, the jealousy felt by one artist toward another. He had seen the evil effects of it in many instances, where men, brooding over their fancied wrongs, had turned sour, and had therefore lost happiness and peace of mind. It is a vice that naturally accompanies ambition, distinction, and love of fame. He added that he had never known a man more completely free of anything like jealousy than Bernard Shaw. Even in the long years when Shaw, although writing steadily, was receiving no recognition, he was quite free from envy and jealousy. "Shaw has a healthy mind."

I reminded Barrie of a passage in one of the novels by Archibald Marshall, where it is said that possibly the happiest persons are those who live in the country on an income just sufficient for their needs and who are entirely without ambition. "Yes," said Sir James, "that may be true. But perhaps even in those instances their minds are filled with little jealousies, little grievances arising from local affairs."

I asked Mr. Marshall himself if he would be willing to give up ambition, literary fame, and the arduous labor of writing in exchange for a mind free from all these things but filled with placid contentment. "Not for all the world," was his emphatic reply. He is now living in London and steadily engaged in writing "Simple Stories," a series of tales about children that have had great success in England and should be better known in America. They have a fine vein of original humor and are quite unlike anything he has hitherto written. Mr. Marshall knows his London very well indeed and we had some interesting pilgrimages together, visiting the old city churches.

I spent a delightful day in the coun-

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try at the home of Sir Anthony Hope and Lady Hawkins. They live on the edge of a heath, near Epsom Downs. Lady Hawkins is an American, the sister of Lewis Sheldon, of Vermont, who was one of my pupils at Yale in the class of 1896. They have a charming house and lovely garden. We talked about "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues," though Anthony Hope is so unpretentiously modest that it is not easy to draw him out about his own achievements. It is plain, however, that he is gratified, as he has every reason to be, with the success of his recently published autobiography, one of the best books of its kind. I told him I liked very much his novel, "The Secret of the Tower," which I read in 1919, while staying with my friends Mr. and Mrs. James R. Sheffield, at their camp in the Adirondacks. He laughed and said that if I really liked that book he would begin to lose confidence in my literary taste. He believes the best of all his novels is "The King's Mirror."

While we were in London "Swan Song" was published, the last volume dealing with the Forsyte family. One of the London papers had a headline

DEATH OF SOAMES FORSYTE

which was as fine a compliment as could possibly be paid to a novelist. And indeed no character in contemporary fiction is more real than Soames. I saw him fifty times at the cricket match between Eton and Harrow, and fifty times again at the King's Garden Party. Mr. Galsworthy is so free from anything like conceit that he will not show elation at his great success, but he could not help feeling pleased at the recognition given to "Swan Song," for when he published "The Man of Property," in 1906, he had no intention of writing anything further on the Forsyte family, and now he must know that he has added some permanent figures to literature. Among other things, he spoke to me about the legends and myths that accumulate about every man whose name becomes known to the public. I reminded him of the statement published in many English and American papers that he had taken farewell of the stage, and would never write another play. "There is absolutely no foundation for that announcement, for I never made any such remark."

In September I spent a happy day with Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy in their beautiful country place in Sussex. During this entire summer the weather has been amazingly lovely; from the 8th of July to the 22d of September there have been only two rainy days, and on this occasion the sky was cloudless and the air mild and windless. In the afternoon we played lawn tennis. I had not come prepared for this, so I appeared on the court in borrowed plumes. Mr. Galsworthy's shoes and clothes fitted me as if they had been made to my measure. In fact, they fitted me better than some that have been made for me by London tailors. Returning to America some years ago, I found among my shipmates one of my former pupils, Warren Thorpe, of Philadelphia. I rather fancied my new overcoat, and wore it with complacency. Mr. Thorpe asked: "Where did you get that coat?" "It was made for me by a London tailor." "Whom did you say it was made for?"

Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Chesterton live in an old Tudor farmhouse in Beaconsfield, to which they have made additions in harmony with the original de-

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sign. They have a lovely garden, and the whole place makes an ideal setting for persons who are so thoroughly and traditionally English. And I highly enjoyed talking with Mrs. Chesterton's mother, who is eighty years old and full of good conversation.

Thirty-eight years ago I bicycled by this place, which is on the high road from London to Oxford. Mr. Chesterton was then sixteen years old, so I was not looking for him. But a few yards from his garden I dismounted to read the inscription on the grave of the seventeenth-century poet, Edmund Waller, who, when past eighty, wrote:

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home."

I hope that will be true of me if I succeed in living that long, and I want to live as long as I possibly can.

Mr. Chesterton is one of the busiest men in the world and never seems to be in a hurry. In the year 1900, while making a speech, the mob got excited and somebody stole his watch. He has never carried one since. "Why, how do you manage without one?" He laughed. "Oh, it doesn't really make any particular difference what time it is, and if I really want to know, I ask." In addition to his poems, novels, religious works, essays, biographies, and what-not, he is the editor of "G. K.'s Weekly," which must be a worse burden than the Old Man of the Sea. But its object is to promulgate ideas in which he believes, and he, like most men of the Anglo-Saxon race, has an active conscience.

When he was taken to see the Great White Way in New York he made a remark that ought to live forever. He looked up at the amazing illumination and said: "What a place this would be for a man who could not read!"

I asked him what impressed him at first as the chief difference between the aspect of England and America. He said: "Your wooden houses." I had never thought there was anything unusual about wooden houses, because we take them for granted. But a wooden house in England is a very rare spectacle. It seems incredible that there can be enough stone in that small island to supply the demand. As for brick, you will see plenty of brick-making from railway-carriage windows.

At my request Mr. Chesterton gave me a copy of the booklet containing his famous debate with Bernard Shaw. I would I had been present. It was not the clumsy contact of the irresistible force and the immovable object; it was a duel between the two best swordsmen in England, each of whom had an affectionate admiration for his opponent's skill.

Mr. Chesterton gives one not only the impression of thoroughly enjoying life; he has a really extraordinary *kindness,* a certain gentleness, a consideration for others, that goes well with his masculine vitality.

After reading Dickens and other novelists, I have often wondered what it must be like to live in chambers in the Inns of Court. Well, I found out. I took tea with the novelist Maurice Baring in his rooms in Gray's Inn. Here we were, in the heart of London, only a few steps from Fleet Street, and we might have been in the country. Although the windows were open, it was so quiet we could have conversed in whispers. Major Baring is one of my favorite novelists. There is an original

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flavor in everything he writes, coming from a charming personality, enriched by years of experience in Russia and in remote parts of the earth. He is an admirable illustration of the cultivated English gentleman. The conversations in his novels are invariably good talk on interesting themes. "Daphne Adeane" has just been translated into French, and I saw copies of it on many Paris bookstalls.

I learned a new fact of interest about Thomas Hardy. Although he was wholly English and wrote almost exclusively on English themes, he had the deepest conviction of the brotherhood of all mankind, and lived up to his creed. During the war there was a large German prison-camp near Dorchester; the prisoners were assigned to various tasks in the neighborhood. Mr. Hardy took a personal interest in every German prisoner who worked on his place. He gave food, medicines, and invariably showed kindness. Now no one was more eager than Mr. Hardy for England's triumph in the war. But his clear intelligence was never clouded by prejudice, and his heart was too big and tender not to be touched by the sight of individual suffering. It is pleasant to know that these Germans were profoundly grateful for his kindness, that they wrote home about it, and that a letter came back saying that as a result the English prisoners in that locality were now being better treated.

Some months ago I expressed a wish in the pages of this magazine that Mrs. Hardy would write the Life of her distinguished husband. Well, I am happy to say that she is engaged on this work, and that the first volume will appear before Christmas. She is admirably fitted for the task, because she knew him better than any one else on earth; and in addition to being a woman of impeccable taste and judgment, she is a trained and skilful writer.

It is inspiring to meet the leaders of contemporary English literature because they are *good men*. I am such a natural hero-worshipper that I am thrilled by contact with literary artists, no matter what their characters may be. But quite apart from their distinction, the men I have been describing are so sincere, so high-minded, so unaffectedly noble that one cannot talk with them without being the better for the experience.

During the past summer I have had the good fortune to meet not only a large number of very remarkable men and women, but to become acquainted with some extraordinary animals. I should like to take home with me a beautiful Irish setter, Rex, who is a member of the Galsworthy household; and I should also like to annex two literary cats, one of whom belonged to Thomas Hardy, while the other lives with the famous novelist, Sheila Kaye-Smith. Both of these cats are magnificent Persians; I had the honor of holding them and stroking their gorgeous fur. There is a well-known picture of Sheila Kaye-Smith and her cat, so that in a way I felt acquainted before the actual meeting took place. This is a Supercat. He has an expression on his austere and majestic countenance that would do credit to the President of the League of Nations. His gracious owner told me many interesting facts about him that display his intelligence. It is more than possible that he inspired the second noun in her latest novel "Iron and Smoke," which is certainly one of the best of her productions.

We had the pleasure of hearing an

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excellent sermon preached by her husband in his London church on Gloucester Road. The Reverend T. P. Fry is a remarkably interesting personality, and is an ardent Anglo-Catholic. I had supposed that "The End of the House of Alard," which is my favorite among the works of Sheila Kaye-Smith, was written after she had become engaged to Mr. Fry, and was in part a tribute to his influence. But it was written before that, and represents her own independent view; though she is too fine an artist to make this book or any other a medium of opinion.

We spent a delightful afternoon in the country home in Oxfordshire of Anne Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt). She lives in a lovely old house, in the midst of an old-fashioned garden. She has just completed a new novel, which will appear this autumn. I do not know what is the subject, but I know that the book will not only be worth reading, but that it will add distinction to contemporary literature.

In Paris I had good walks and talks with my old friend George Santayana. He is a philosopher, and lives what I suppose is the true life of a philosopher, though I should find it intolerably lonely. Still, he has what very few people have to-day, the leisure and the inclination for *meditation*. All his books are born of long hours of solitary, uninterrupted thought. Although I think he enjoys his own society better than that of other people, he is an admirable conversationalist and a perfect table companion. In a rather dingy restaurant on the Boulevard S. Michel we talked of literature, morals, and religion.

The English are the leanest race in the world; one seldom sees a fat Englishman, yet many of them eat four square meals every day. And when you do see a fat Englishman you will find that he carries his weight remarkably well. Mr. Santayana told me a new story of the famous Oscar Browning, of King's College, Cambridge. He ate seven meals a day. There are people who wake up in the middle of the night and cannot fall asleep again until they have eaten something. But O. B. set his alarm clock at three in the morning in order that he might wake and eat a herring! Then at seven o'clock tea and various eatables were brought to his bedside. His third meal was breakfast at nine, and it was a substantial repast. He then ate nothing till lunch, but he took care to make up for his prolonged fast. His fifth meal came at four-thirty, and was high tea, with plenty of food. He then ate nothing till dinner, which was a very elaborate affair in many courses, and with a variety of wines. His seventh and last meal was a hearty supper, which he took just before going to bed. He lived to be eighty-three.

But what is eighty-three? An English admiral, at the age of ninety-two, took a long walk with some friends, and, apologizing for his slowness, he cried: "Oh, if I were only eighty again!"

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The Painter With Something to Say

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

When the caveman of Altamira was blazing the way for art, a pathfinder in the mists of remote antiquity, he was content with making a bison look like a bison. His picture was a representation and nothing more. I wonder sometimes if modern painting has not too often given itself over to much the same point of view, even while flattering itself that it is doing nothing of the sort. We hear much of spatial relations and the like, of "significant form" and purely abstract factors in composition, and we are told, indeed, that the "merely representational" is a thing abhorrent, akin to soulless photography. But in what the artist working on this hypothesis does with the human figure, for example, there is seldom the sign of any ambition to freight his subject with the riches of invention. He is satisfied with the recording of a fact. He has, otherwise, nothing whatever to say. Yet the history of art shows clearly enough that the masters in all epochs have affirmed themselves by virtue of their having something to say, over and above the technical ability, the personal accent, and the priceless element of style. It has been interesting to watch, over a period of years, the gradual detachment of the American artist from historic precedent. Interesting but not altogether edifying. The truth is that we set the clock back when we began to shy at "the subject picture" as at something intrinsically dubious if not positively evil.

The growth of the error is of comparatively recent date. It is less than half a century since American painting was busily occupied with ideas. Elihu Vedder, who lived by them, came to his artistic maturity in the seventies and worked on well into our own time. The leaders of his generation, John La Farge, Winslow Homer, Abbott Thayer, had imagination or they had nothing. The outstanding monument of their period is undoubtedly La Farge's "Ascension," in the Church of the Ascension, in New York, one of the few truly great mural decorations of the nineteenth century. Yet even prior to the erection of that masterpiece the elements were fermenting that were to counterbalance its influence, and, paradoxically, they were elements of an artistic rectitude absolutely indispensable to the development of American painting. I refer to the new enthusiasm for technique which was promoted under the ægis of the Society of American Artists. At the time that progressive organization was founded, we had, for one man who, like La Farge, knew his trade, a score who knew next to nothing about it. The training of the French studios, and the lessons of Munich carried on by Duveneck and Chase, ushered in a new heaven and a new earth. To paint the *morceau* with a clever turn of the wrist became the most important thing in the world. We gained enormously on the executive side of art. We made an advance without which, to be sure, Amer-

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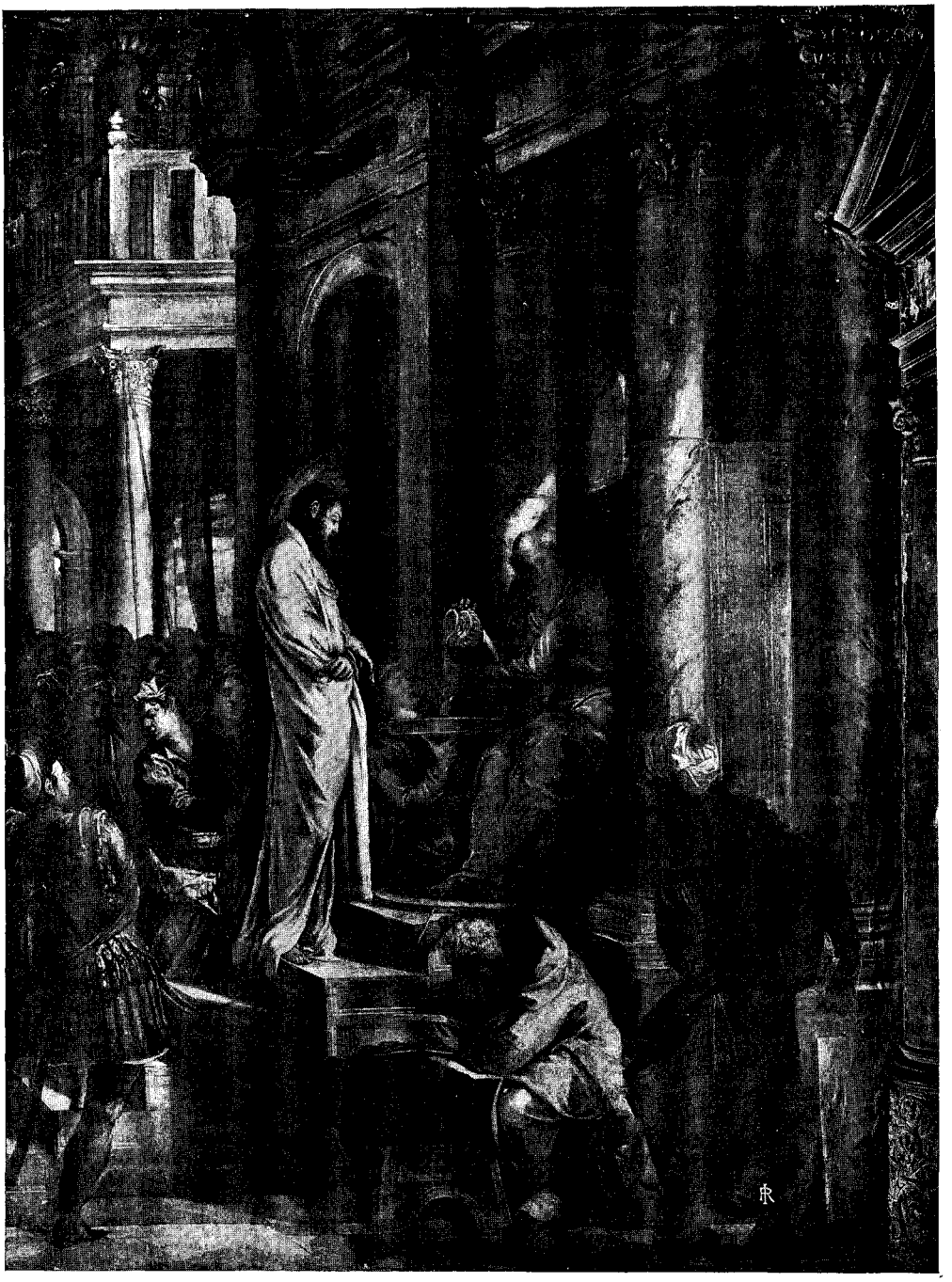

Christ Before Pilate.

From the painting by Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice.

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Le Concert Champêtre.

From the painting by Giorgione in the Louvre.

The Blinding of Samson.

From the painting by Rembrandt in the Staedel Institute at Frankfort.

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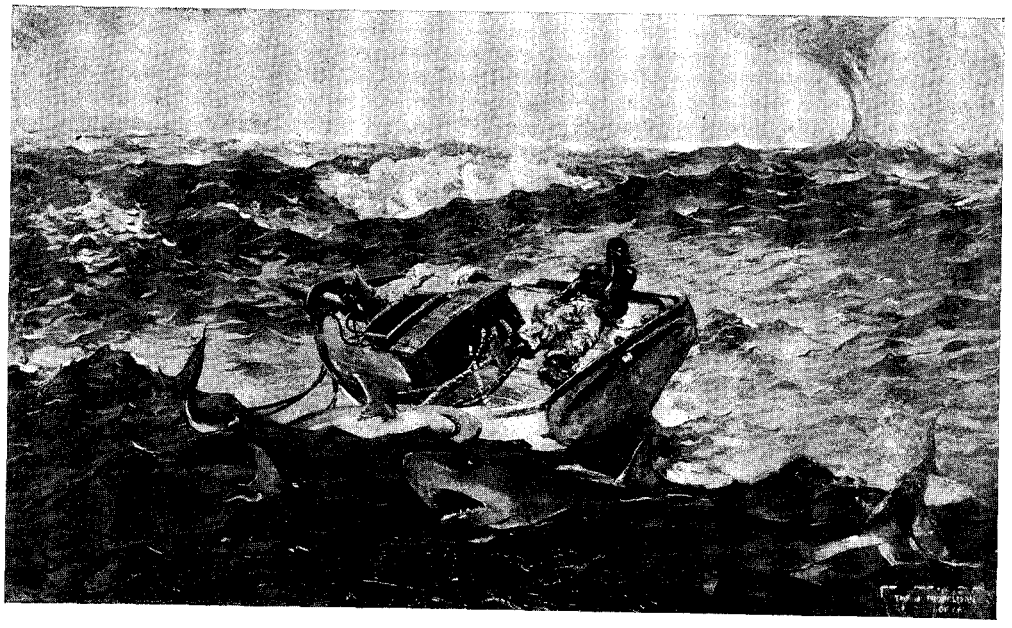
The Raft of the Medusa.

From the painting by Géricault in the Louvre.



The Gulf Stream.

From the painting by Winslow Homer in the Metropolitan Museum.

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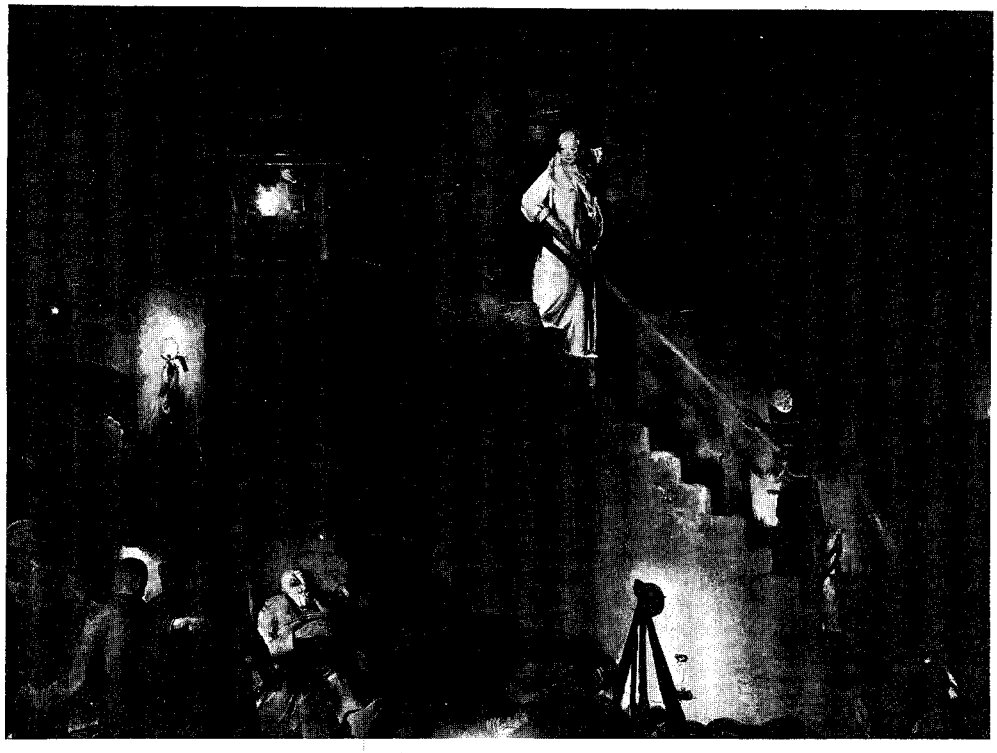

Edith Cavell.

From the painting by George Bellows.

Viper-Stricken Eurydice.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.

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ican painting might have died. But we made a vast and unnecessary sacrifice when we decided that to "tell a story" was to be "literary" and therefore inartistic. We forgot that your great artist can take anything in his stride, even the "literary" motive. Our mistake resided in our leaving that motive—as something minor if not actually contemptible—to the illustrator. I can remember how the latter kept it going for a while in the exhibitions of the old American Water Color Society. Abbey used to persist, year after year, in sending something of a romantic character. In general, romance was taboo. I speak, of course, in general terms. The imaginative impulse never completely dies out. Invention has survived with us. It still survives, and I shall presently have occasion to cite more than one salient instance. But the broad situation remains as I have indicated. The subject picture is at a discount.

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The thing about its declension that puzzles me is the fallacy involved, the fallacy that a dramatic subject is inimical to the practice of good painting. What was it but a subject picture that initiated the renovation of French art a hundred years ago? Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa" is cherished in the Louvre as a kind of landmark of liberation, the moving, melodramatic picture that helped to break the crust imposed upon art by David and that paved the way for Delacroix. The rather statuesque forms in it betray the lingering influence of classical routine but on the whole it breathes the spirit of artistic freedom. I never had a keener, more vivid sensation than when in the late nineties Winslow Homer painted *his* "Raft of the Medusa," that grisly "anecdote"—yes, "anecdote," if you like—which bears the title of "The Gulf Stream" and hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. The same thrill is there. The helpless negro, alone in his wrecked craft upon a dreadful sea, a waterspout threatening him on one side and the sharks visibly waiting for him on the other, is, if anything, a more poignant symbol of tragedy than Géricault's piled-up group. And the brilliance of the picture lies in the fact that Homer, as was his wont, strikes a perfect balance between substance and form. If he tells an exciting story he paints also a superb sea piece. The dramatist and the artist work together in peace and amity. Whenever they have done so, across the ages, they have worked a big magic.

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If the reader will let his memory range back among the immortal pictures of the world he will be struck by the uniformity with which the great craftsmen—especially the great craftsmen—have gravitated toward deeply vitalized themes, hunting for them in life and in literature, sacred and profane, interpreting the fundamental emotions, "dipping the brush in earthquake and eclipse." I may appositely recall here the pictorial fecundity of Giotto, the poetic conceptions of Botticelli, the intellectuality of Raphael, and the cosmic apparitions that Michael Angelo brought into the world. But even more I am inclined to touch upon the great exemplars of painter's painting in our modern sense, the men whose thoughts flowered in prodigious feats of technique. Consider, in illustration, the "Concert Champêtre" of Giorgione, in the Louvre. Was ever picture more lyrically designed? And was ever pic-

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ture more nobly painted? Turn then to Titian, with his religious and mythological masterpieces. In him imagination and technique are so fused that it is impossible to say where the genius of the mind leaves off and the genius of the hand begins. His is essentially creative art, the art which puts something new and organic before us. Among the pure virtuosi I can think of only one commanding type who misses this function of the cerebral inventor, Frans Hals. He remains the portrait-painter rather than the dramatist, his humor alone serving occasionally as an animating factor indicative of mood added to observation. As for his overwhelming contemporary, Rembrandt, he is a brother to Shakespeare in the variety of his interests, the inclusiveness of his vision. He could paint anything. The carcass of an ox hanging from the hooks in a butcher's shop would serve him as a pretext for the exercise of his brush. But what really stirred him to put forth his whole strength was some episode which inflamed his imagination, some passage in the Scriptures which challenged him to wreak his realism upon an heroic theme. Every key in the great organ of human feeling was within the scope of his touch. At Dresden, in "The Sacrifice of Manoah," you have him enveloping his canvas in the solemn stillness of a tense spiritual moment. At Frankfort, in "The Blinding of Samson," it is as though he shifted the action of Biblical legend to some earthly stage, reviving the turbulence of a scene in which men like ourselves struggle and pant. I shall never forget that picture. It burst upon me in the museum with the clamor of a battle, the blaze of golden light in it accented by one note of singing blue. What a portent is Rembrandt, to any one who cares for the things of the mind! How his supreme paint is imbued with fiery thought! So indispensable to him is "the story" that he will tell you one in the physiognomy of a single sitter, exposing the passion or the pathos of a character in the glance of an eye, the pressure of a lip.

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Indeed, the authority of the authentic dramatist is so searching, so potent, that it does not need a host of figures and an abundance of accessories to achieve its due effect. "Give me," Dumas *père* used to say, "a trestle, two boards, and a passion and I have my play." Degas was of the same habit of mind. "You do not make a crowd with fifty figures but with five," was his axiom. When I think of the illimitable storehouse of painted "subjects" there are so many cases of compact organization that come to mind that I hesitate to choose. But if I were compelled to fix upon one design that for concentrated power shines forth as a perfect embodiment of the principle, I would turn to Tintoretto's "Christ Before Pilate," in the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice. The background is thickly filled, no doubt, with its shadowy architecture and crowding soldiery. But what counts beyond all measurement is the tall sheeted figure of Christ, white, immobile, supernatural, the most awe-inspiring figure in the entire range of Scriptural illustration. The power of art in imaginative evocation could no further go. And any painter will tell you that in the manipulation of the whites, the drawing of the drapery, the implication of the form beneath, this is one of the dazzling triumphs of pure painting. Tintoretto the interpreter of a colossal theme is also Tintoretto the tremendous man of his hands. The artist

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must be both if he is to scale the topmost heights, and sometimes his gifts are only occasionally established in a flawless equilibrium. Velasquez could paint an historical incident superlatively well, as in "The Surrender of Breda," and then fall below the level of the unity in that work when he tackled religious themes. Once, dealing with mythology, he struck twelve, in "The Forge of Vulcan," for his treatment of the subject demanded no great imaginative fervor. In his "Crucifixion," on the other hand, he is only partially persuasive.

I find the same unevenness in Rubens. His "Three Graces" is pretty nearly a travesty on the theme and when you come to his "Little Last Judgment," at Munich, after Michael Angelo's sublime wall at Rome, you feel the Fleming crumpling up. Nevertheless, Rubens has an enkindling way with him in the management of a subject, as has Van Dyck. They were living, sensitive, fearless designers, quick to grasp an idea and having headlong energy in the realization of it upon canvas. There are many more types upon which I would like to pause. There is the satirical Hogarth, in eighteenth-century England, a mordant thinker as well as a powerful painter. There is that glittering crew in the France of the same period —Watteau, Chardin, Boucher, Fragonard, and a host of others who deviated into pagan lore from time to time but chiefly got their subjects out of the life around them. You could reconstruct the social movement of the era from their compositions. France has ever cultivated the subject as such, regardless of the school to which the given painter belonged. Ingres, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, Millet—they have all, in the old phrase, mixed brains with their colors. And if the hardened Salonnier, cut-and-dried product of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, has not been precisely imaginative, as a rule, he has at all events gone in for something more than the *morceau* to which I have already alluded. The trouble with him, of course, has been that the "more" has too often embraced a vulgar sensationalism. Once, walking through the Salon, I was brought up, "all standing" (as was intended), by a flagrant page from the seamy side of Parisian life. A haggard, white-faced woman was standing at the corner of a street, waiting behind a wall, with a bowl of vitriol poised to be hurled in her recalcitrant lover's face. Obviously that sort of "story" has nothing to do with art. Neither have the sickly sentimentalities that for so long a period have passed through the Royal Academy. England has had her enchanting pictorial designers, her George Frederick Watts, her Frederick Sandys, her Rossetti, her Burne-Jones, and so on. Unfortunately, she has had a greater number of anecdotal mediocrities like Frith and Fildes. But do the fatuities of the sentimentalists invalidate the symbolic grandeur of Watts? Do they in the smallest degree divest ideas of their fertilizing significance?

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In the very period I have mentioned as that of our revolutionized technique we were warned against the inadequacy of the *morceau* as a vehicle. The young recruits coming back to the Society of American Artists from Paris had had every opportunity there to realize the importance their masters attached to mental alertness as distinguished from manual dexterity. The men who taught those Americans how to draw and paint were keen on teaching them to com-

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pose, men like Bonnat and Gérôme, Lefebvre and Jean-Paul Laurens. Some of their pupils, like the late H. Siddons Mowbray, took the intellectual as well as the technical side of their European experience to heart. But there were more of our practitioners who were willing to paint whatever they found in the ebullient spectacle of America as so much still life and they let the wide areas of mere thought go. They remembered, thank heaven, the directness of Manet's painting. They forgot that even Manet had been interested to try his hand at "the subject," painting "The Angels at the Tomb" and his "Jesus Insulted by the Soldiers." I dare say the latter made a sufficiently startling "hole in the wall" at the Salon of 1865, with its blending of ancient dignity and modern technical sleight-of-hand. But we may be sure that it did more than startle. It addressed itself to the mind as well as to the eye of the beholder.

We have had our subject painters and we still have them. We have had Vedder and La Farge, Homer and Thayer. We have had an extraordinary follower of the cult in Albert Pinkham Ryder. The pictures of Henry O. Walker stay graciously in the mind. More recently we have had the adventurous art of George Bellows and the exquisite fantasies of Arthur B. Davies. There are others, like Eugene Savage in the field of mural decoration. Somehow, when there is a big wall to be painted there is generally an artist forthcoming to paint it interestingly. Men like Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, and Edward Simmons well carried on the campaign begun by Hunt and La Farge and an able group is at work to-day. Our school of mural decoration is, in fact, a school apart, thoughtful, courageous, and resourceful. But where the easel picture is concerned we are still curiously timorous about tackling a dramatic, mobile theme. The superstition about the "literary motive" damns it. George Bellows was not afraid of that motive. He tried to paint the Crucifixion. He based one of the finest of his pictures on the most dramatic incident of the Great War, the execution of Edith Cavell. He was a painter's painter, if ever we had one, but it did not keep him from using his head. I wonder that his bold initiative does not prove more inspiring. I wonder why so many American artists go on painting a pretty girl under a yellow parasol, or perhaps a blue one.

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